



w Turner 1/6/69



This final issue is fondly dedicated to
THE CAST AND CREW OF STAR TREK
all of whom are Star Fleet's finest.

SPICES

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30

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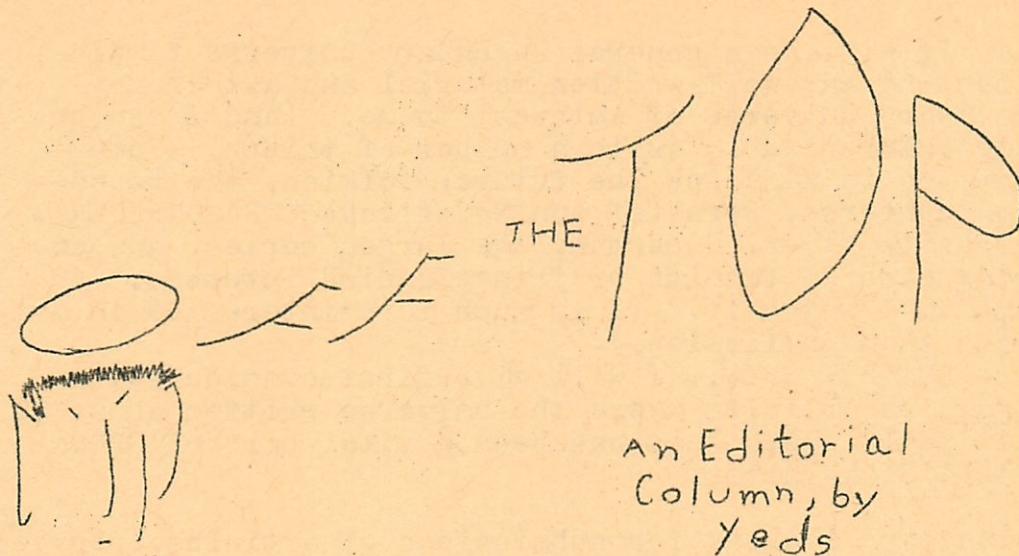
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CONCERNING THE FUTURE OF SPOCKANALIA: There seems to be some confusion about the editorial switcheroo in progress. SPOCKANALIA will be split into two fanzines. Sherna is still hoping to put together the secondary universe fanzine announced lastish. It will be called NEVERTRODDEN WORLDS. Devra and Debbie will hold up the Brooklyn end with a new fanzine which is tentatively titled MASIFORM D.

The SPOCKANALIA staff, in case you were wondering, will separate on the friendliest of terms. When we were split between Brooklyn and Newark, the problems of getting together were just about solvable. Now that the trip is even longer, and Sherna has a husband and household as well as a job, they are insurmountable. More and more of the work has fallen on Devra and Debbie, and more and more we missed the mutual inspiration of minds in frequent and close contact.

So it's time to quit and take the next step, and if both, or only one, or even neither of the two new 'zines ever come out...it's been a grand five issues, and we thank you all for sharing them with us.

AS FAR AS MASIFORM D IS CONCERNED: We will always be interested in STAR TREK material. Devra and I (Debbie) are both equally fond of STAR TREK-as-the-real-universe themes, but we are looking for articles of general interest as well. Our first issue is shaping up as a fairly good mixture of ST and non-ST material.

NEVERTRODDEN WORLDS was projected in the last issue. In case you didn't see it, Sherna describes it as follows:

It will be a general secondary universe fanzine, accepting any well-written material and art on any secondary universe of interest to me. (And I can become interested in quite a number of things.) Some examples in mind for the future: Tolkien, the Foundation universe, Pern (of Ann McCaffrey's DRAGONRIDER), Georgette Heyer, Superman, the Jurgen series, and anything else of fannish or fringefannish interest. As long as I enjoy it. (I am much more interested in articles than in fiction.)

BUT BUT BUT... I will give first consideration always to articles where the universe written about is the "real" one. This has been a vital part of SPOCKANALIA'S character.

BOTH 'zines are looking for submissions of articles, stories, poetry, and artwork. Addresses of the editors are given in the colophon.

GRUBBY MONEY DEPT: As in the past, SPOCKANALIAS 1, 3, 4, and 5 will be available from Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Bklyn. NY 11225, for 75¢ apiece. We are hoping to cobble together a few last copies of the 2nd issue, but will have to ask for \$1...as this will involve photostating missing pages.



....."Captain, am I interrupting?"

Sara Fensterer

REMEMBER WHEN Kirk talked about the successful Apollo flights in "Return to Tomorrow"? Once again, the Big E. scores a first in celebrating the arrival of men on the moon. Congratulations to the astronauts also from SPOCKANALIA for not only doing ~~the~~ our thing, but doing it on time, no less!

BUYING BROOKLYN BRIDGE: Recently two of us ordered, and received, one of the new items being sold by Lincoln Enterprises - the charm-sized model of the Enterprise. We were quite displeased by the quality and workmanship of the item, and subsequently returned our copies in exchange for other items. We feel that our readers would get better value for their \$5 if they spent it on scripts or film clips.

GRATEFUL: In this final issue of our fanzine, we'd like to thank, once again, the many people who've helped us. Special, fervent thanks to Juanita Coulson, who helped and encouraged us so much when we were just starting. A thank you to Bjo Trimble, for her generosity and help. A very special thanks to Robert Justman, Rick Carter, and Dorothy Fontana, for their amiable dispersal of information. We are very grateful to Frank Prieto, whose borrow-a-mimeo saw us through three issues. Since they never got mentioned, thanks to our lastish collators, the Boardmans, Karina Girsdansky, and Tom Bulmer, and to our potential collators, who don't know it yet. A final and very special thanks to all our dear families, especially Brian, for their patience.

..... "Doctor, I can see nothing wrong
with Vulcan feet."



Sara Fensterer

TAKE TWO ASPIRIN: The editors wish to apologize for an incorrect diagnosis. Dr. McCoy's unfortunate illness, ("For the World is Hollow, and I Have Touched the Sky") mentioned in our last issue, was incorrectly given as xenopallasathemia. What he was actually suffering from was xenopolycythemia. Talk about too much of a god thing....



..... "Captain, I think there is something you should
know,"

Sara Fensterer



"ONE MO-RE TIME..." We'd like to draw your attention to a couple of excellent fan items.

Ruth Berman, formerly editor of Lincoln's INSIDE STAR TREK, is currently producing her own 'zine. Entitled T NEGATIVE, it consists of articles by Ruth about her experiences on the set, stories, and reviews of appearances by the ST actors. This is the 'zine with the inside trek. 50¢ from Ruth Berman

5620 Edgewater Boulevard
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55417.

Juanita Coulson's excellent 'zine, unfortunately limited to two issues, has a variety of material, including Australian censorship of ST, a political analysis of the Federation by E A Oddstad, and answers to leading questions by the actors. No fiction. 50¢ from Juanita Coulson

Route #3
Hartford City, Indiana 47348

Finally, there is the ST CONCORDANCE, a complete listing of all places, persons, dates, and things in STAR TREK. Copiously and beautifully illustrated by a number of fine artists, this may be obtained from Bjo Trimble

417 N. Kenmore
Los Angeles, California 90004

\$5 plus 25¢ postage and handling.

Bjo will also be producing a supplement to the CONCORDANCE, which will contain the material relevant to the third season. She is interested in art submissions, and expects the supplement to cost about \$2.50. For further information on this, contact her.

Leila in the New Land

by Dorothy Jones

Copper was in the fire,
And it blazed up green.

I saw spring's green fire,
The dry land its tinder,

And a silent green flame
Wherein I am destroyed.





Stardate 6729.3

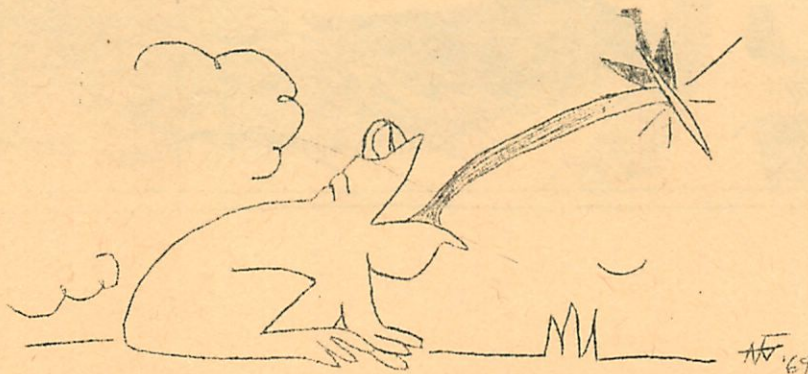
Dear Editors,

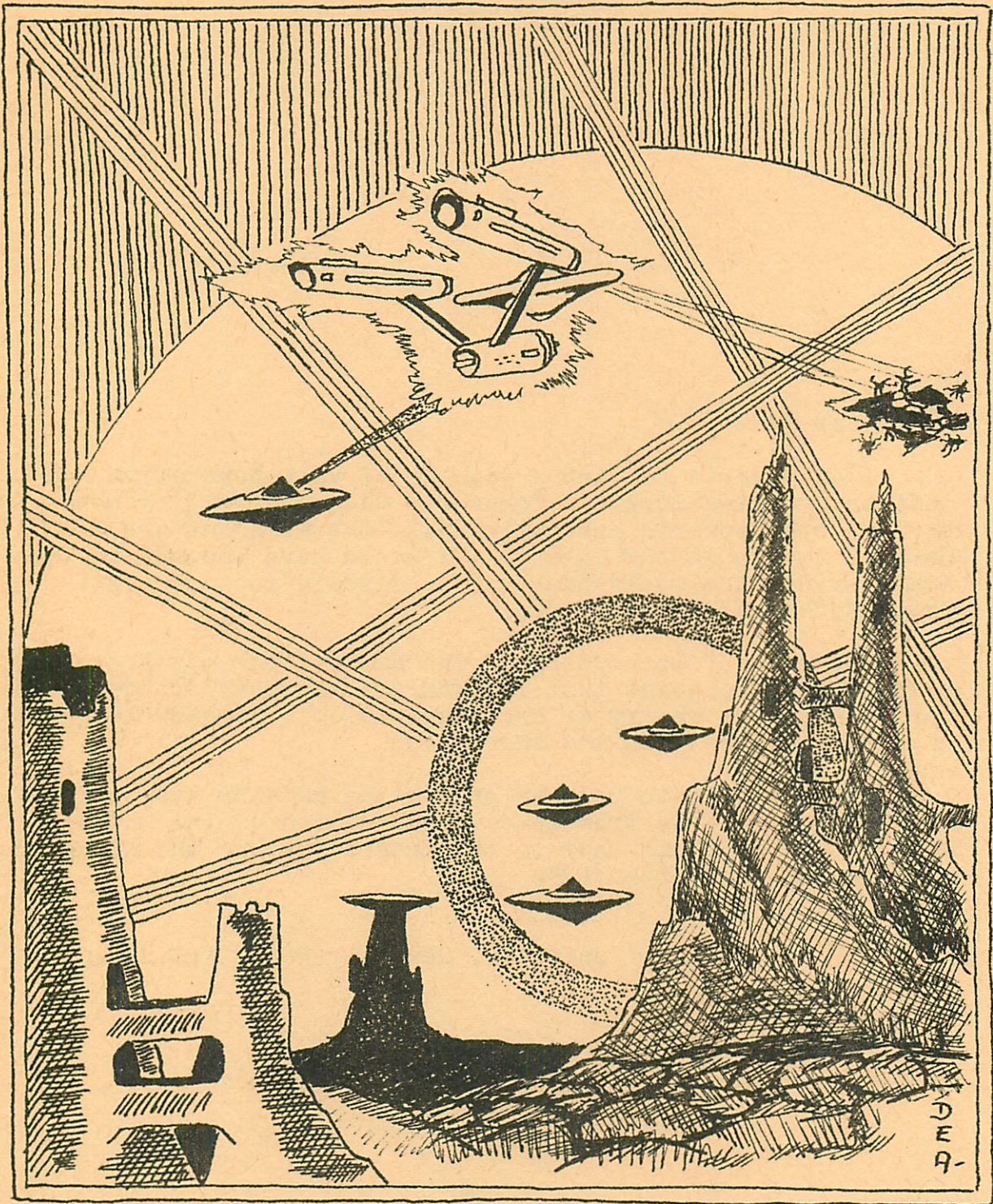
I am shocked to find a journal of your reputation and influence making itself a forum for Oddson's [sic] xenophobic and ethnocentric assertion that "the Klingons are the Devil's agents in our Galaxy." I would have thought that a star-faring race would have had to discard such superstitious taboo-ridden attitudes.

Among the lower orders of the Empire, one may hear expressed the viewpoint that Terrans are the Devil's agents in our Galaxy, but we try to keep such idiotic name-calling out of our relations with the Federation.

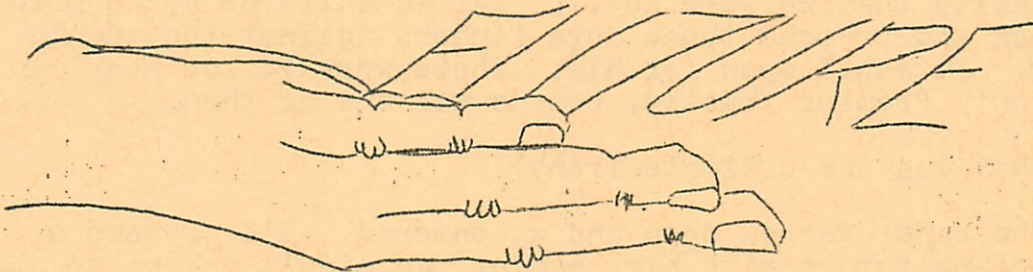
May I recall to you the prediction made by Ayelborne of Organia (presumably from some visualization of the Cosmic All)? "The truth is that in the future you and the Klingons will become fast friends."

Shansfor, General (Ret.) K.I.S.F.





TO SUMMON THE



by Juanita Coulson

Intellectually, I have anticipated this for years, of course. But now that it's finally here, I am frightened. He isn't -- or at least I don't think he is. After all this time, I still can't say with any certainty what moves him, what he will do.

Nothing holds me here. He made that abundantly clear long ago when we first made our bargain. The liaison was my doing, and if it be broken, I must break it. Sometimes I wonder what I have gotten myself into. It would have been so simple not to have intervened. After all, it was Spædu's job to protect him while he was in sickbay, even if there were three of them. Three is quite a bit for one Vulcan to handle in a concerted rush. I still cannot clearly remember when the impulse jolted me to action, caused me to hypo that assassin full of tri-lethate. I can remember the amount -- how our minds cling to inconsequential details: 33 cc close to the spine, all the hypo contained. It was the first time I'd ever killed anyone, and it seems laughable in retrospect that it bothered me so much.

How incredibly naive I was!

And now the culmination is approaching, after the crisis we faced -- was it only two hours ago?

"Where are we going?" That had been my obtuse way of realizing what was finally happening, and I should have known better than to ask. It irritated him. I know the rules. Follow without question, else leave. And doubly foolish because I already knew the answer.

We could hear the shattering scream of missiles wrecking the capital, the deep tremors as even larger weaponry tore the ground defenses to shreds a scant 50 kilometers away.

With any sort of logic -- logic! -- we should have been long away from here. But it was somehow the essence of his personality that we were not. I waited while he voice printed the lock and pressed those sure fingers against the idento reader. It would open for him. There weren't too many men the Deputy Premier trusted, but he was one of them.

That was the ultimate irony.

The panel gasped open and we entered. I'd crossed a point-of-no-return with him, again. He didn't ask me to, but then he never asks. He orders. And this time he did not. Whatever happened, my skin's saving was my own responsibility. My hand was inside the flap of my med kit, grasping the phaser. But that held as much danger for me as for someone else. This time, I didn't know whether to use it in a crisis. This time, it wouldn't be a nameless assassin, an enemy.

The two of them were listening to something over the com, and that familiar face was disbelieving at what he heard: an operative's report. Marlena looked at us, trembling, her beautiful face glittering with tears. I envied her that. I lost all mine years ago.

The operative's voice was cut off abruptly with a rattle I recognized. It didn't matter what had killed him. It hadn't come soon enough, obviously. The Premier raised his head as he digested what he had heard, stunned, wheels almost visibly turning in his head. Time had been kind to him, remarkably so. He was still handsome, still much alive with strength and virility.

And rage.

"You!"

One syllable became a cacophony of outrage, and the Premier rushed toward us with powerful hands outstretched. No, not toward us; but my hand tightened on the phaser all the same.

I was not needed. Wise-strong fingers suspended that murderous lunge. He could have killed the Premier, and we all knew it. There was a moment of frozen waiting. The anguish mingled with the anger in the Premier's haggard face. "Why? Why, Spock?"

"There is a converted Deep-Prober awaiting us, and there is sanctuary on a small system without the Empire." He said

this with remarkable gentleness, still holding those hands away from his throat.

Marlena pleaded with her man, almost frantic. "Take it! Oh, take it! He can get you away from here, don't you see? It's your only hope."

Premier Kirk wrested his hands from Spock's grip, and the Admiral let him. The target of his wrath had plainly altered.

"Hope? Don't you realize he's the one who's done this to me? And you...."

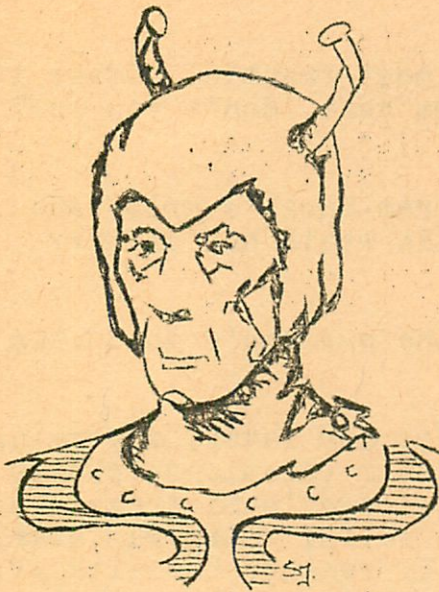
I wouldn't have been her, now, for any favor, any gain. I used to envy her; the openness of their relationship, the patent affection. But she who becomes power's mistress must take the consequences when that power fails. Kirk was staring at her, and he knew. The truth finally reached him with all its horrors, and his fury sent her sprawling back against the wall.

"You...helped them! All this time, and I never.... Oh how clever you were! The tantalus field, too. To think I actually believed that tale you fed me, those 'raiders' we could never quite catch. You gave it to him!" His rage was a tangible force in the room, and the more pathetic that it was now impotent. It was far worse for him than had she made him the cuckold. Our collusion was breaking.

When he turned again to Spock, it was with the betrayal of dreams and friendship brimming in his eyes. "Why did you do it, Spock? You made it all possible. I'm not blind. I know I never would have made the Cabinet without you. Giving me the credit for all those conquests, those brilliant maneuvers. Staging those coups. Even using your own operatives to grease my way upward. You were subtle, but I know you. I trusted you. Spock, you were my kingmaker! Another year, and we could have had it all."

"Another year and the inevitable conclusion would have been more difficult to accept. Escape, also, would have been more difficult. The Emperor is already dead." I suppose to some the voice would have seemed dispassionate, cold. But I could hear the concern in it. He was trying to ease the hurt with reason, for all the good it seemed to be doing.

"Listen to him, please," Marlena said. Her cheek was reddened where he had struck her. But everyone knew he could have done far worse. Even betrayed, he exhibited surprising mercy to one he should have hated. He had changed. We all had.



"You helped him wreck me, wreck the Empire," and for a moment, those strong shoulders sagged. All but crushed by what had happened, Premier Kirk slumped against the wall. "You all conspired -- first to elevate me to this position, and then to tear the Empire down over my head. To turn the entire structure over to revolutionaries." Kirk's expression was stricken, bewildered. "Marlena, you stayed with me, all the way up, my woman. Seduced men who could help me -- wheedled, lied -- everything to help me. And you, Chris -- I know Commodore Beckett's

death was no 'heart attack'. McCoy told me as much before he retired. I know you helped that along, got me that promotion. How many other men did you help into early graves for my benefit? You did it because Spock told you to."

It was no time for delays. The city was crumbling about our ears. But still he waited, as though sensing this all had to be said, had to be brought into the open after years of secrecy. I remembered something he had said long ago: that when the time came, Kirk must have a chance to learn the truth. Which took precedence, though -- that chance for truth, or his promise to Marlena? Without her help, none of this would have been possible. Bedroom politics had turned the fortunes of an Empire, hastened the crisis immeasurably.

"Yes, they have both assisted you, as I have." Spock was again sounding coldly logical.

"Are you all a bunch of maniacs?" Kirk shouted. "Why build me up, only to wreck the Empire, and me with it?"

"You have had your day of glory, have you not?"

"A day! This could have gone indefinitely."

"Impossible. And whether you accept it or not, you have also been an instrument in the Empire's destruction."

The Premier had realized that, and it showed in his face. It hurt him most of all, I think. He was recalling those orders, so many of which he thought were based on greed, that

and hastened the end. He saw it now, grasped the depths of his involvement.

"I had help," he countered with defensive bitterness. "Even the Romulans helped. Who would have imagined...." He paused and stared with a sudden, slyly evil look. I recalled that look with dread. Had he still the power, I would have cowered before what was coming. "It all falls into place, doesn't it, Spock? Everything. That Romulan commander... what was her name? She really went for you, didn't she? And you arranged her escape. You had to. No one else could have done it. Oh, you set everything up with typical Vulcan thoroughness. Is she waiting for you on this sanctuary system of yours, Spock? One of your harem? Where does that leave you, Chris? One of the pack? What are you going to get out of all this?"

He could still hurt. The Premier had always been an assassin with his tongue, a vicious magician even when he was Captain. His cruelty was still effective. The rapier of his intellect spotted one's weak spots, probed skillfully. He could still open old wounds. I'd made my bargain, buried my younger dreams. I could have killed him for raking open my pain.

"Will you come with us?" Spock was becoming impatient.

"You promised!" Marlena repeated, and Kirk whirled to face her, shaking with...fury? Pain? She had regained it all, and once more she was the Marlena I envied, that magnificent tigress. "What do you want? To be the dead king of a dead empire? It's done! Finished! He's offering you your life. Take it!"

"You take it."

"Your death will not be pleasant," Spock said matter-of-factly. "And it will accomplish nothing. The Empire's overthrow will be quite complete."

"Oh, you made very sure of that, didn't you? Damn you!" Kirk seized Marlena's arm and hurled her toward us. I caught her to keep her from falling. "Take her and get out."

"No!" Marlean protested, trying to rush back toward



him. I held her, fought off her attempts to scratch, to reach her knife.

"Not now," I whispered to her. Pity pushed fear from my heart. I thought, if we survive, what will she have? She tasted his complete trust, and now he would never trust her again. Mine had been a bittersweet joy, but I had been spared her agony, at least.

"Please," and she turned her entreaties toward Spock. "He'll die here. You know his blind, foolish pride...."

Spock did not turn, but he was listening. His eyes were on Kirk, on his friend. His former friend? His victim?

"He has the right to choose."

For a moment, there was a flicker of gratitude in the Premier's eyes. We could all hear the bombs now. How much longer could the fortress withstand attack? Our Vulcan operatives would die at their posts if they must, guarding our escape. And then? The revolutionaries knew nothing of Spock's manipulations, knew nothing of their debts to him...years of scheming, a bit of money here, a chaotic situation there. He would die, and not quickly.

"Thank you for that."

"If your stubbornness convinces you a pointless death will prove your courage, I will not dispute you."

"You promised me...." Marlena shrieked, and I shook her to silence, grateful she was so tiny.

Spock behaved as though he had not heard her, continuing in the same lecturing tone. "You will not be remembered, or respected. The names of all of us will go into the histories of the future as despots, loathsome beings whose deaths were welcomed. There will be no notation for courage. The mythos of the new culture will not permit it. You will have died to no purpose."

Kirk was listening, frowning, confused. The words were punctuated by the screams of metallic death overhead, the distant thunder of their impacts. He stepped toward us, and there was an instant of hesitation in his manner, the ghost of doubt...and defeat. It sealed his future.

In his stricken mood, he did not seem to sense until too late those incredible fingers falling on his shoulder. His face mirrored his astonishment, his split second of physical protest before he collapsed.

Without words, a routine between us, I did my part, left Marlena, administered the sedative.

And now we face our inheritance.

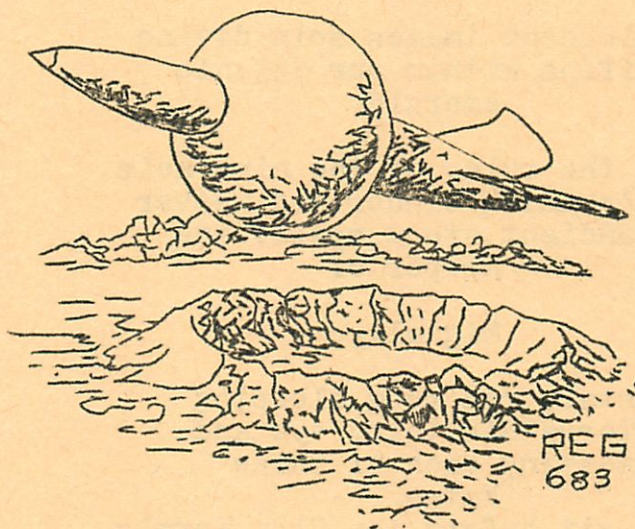
The future does not loom attractively as we hurtle toward our 'sanctuary.' The Romulans' skills have given us a cloak of invisibility, and our chances of evading capture are good.

I should feel lucky, I know. I am one of the chosen. In a sense, I am one of the reasons for our survival. For his survival, too. Without Kirk, without me, without Marlena and all the other myriad responsibilities he carries, would Spock have chosen to live beyond the Empire? I do not think so. We women might have survived. Men find us more useful. But I have learned there is something better, deeper -- and I believe Marlena has as well. It has made her pay a price which may buy her undying hatred for her efforts.

And so I am here. I have faced disappointment, compromise, sorrow. I can surely face the future. He sits to my left, flanked on the other side by his trusted aide.

And behind us, the others -- a silent Marlena, a sedated Kirk.

But when he wakes? Will he ever forgive us? Will he ever allow us to forget the conspiracy we have framed around him in the name of the future?



SEPTYAR

by Narda Roushdi

This poem, copied from the wall of an ancient Vulcan tomb, is approximately four thousand years old. It is a description of an elaborate crown worn by the ancient rulers of Vulcan. The jewels, some of which were carved into various shapes as described in the poem, or engraved, had symbolic meaning. The emerald stood for evil or hate. Mignallyone, at that time the largest ruby found, was placed in the center of Torrath's head (Torrath was the god of death) and it became, therefore, representative of death. The topaz and the moon stone, or opal, both represented life; the amethyst represented self-hate and the brilliant diamond was the symbol of vanity. For the ancients, white jade and pearls were the symbols of peace, the sapphire of tranquility, and crystal of wisdom.



Opalescent images spin divine
Griffins within our Satanic
emerald.

But the ruler of the nine kels
Is Zornnith binder and weaver
Of ancient stone spells and
Keeper of

Mignallyone

Crystal, red ruby sleeping
In Torrath's third eye and
Possessing each of three
Fates
Who sit before the Glow Worm's
Flame and draw Unicorn Dreams

In Griffin

Thoughts.

But the feathered and lion
 Warm Griffins awoke and flew
 Into blazing eyed topaz to
 Reach beyond all thought

Into

Enchanted kaleidoscopic
 Moon stone deeps where
 Silver Unicorn young
 Rejoice in sunlit gardens

Of

Amethyst pansies and
 Diamond studded popinjays
 Of Royal blue descent
 And of Fluted fountains

Where

White jade stallions
 Splash translucent
 forelegs in the spring
 Pure waters in pearl basins

While

Mamsy wine flows like
 A river born in the
 Halls of King Sarrontroc.
 While his black haired
 Sapphire eyed daughters
 Dance swaying two step
 Two step, three and four
 About

The crystal swan who
 lays dying, brought by
 The winter winds East
 From the Dead lands

Of

Pellucidor who pushes
 The tormaline turning
 Stones into black
 Caverns of the Red

See

By Torrath's silvern
 Temple sheltering hate
 Who stole his third all
 Seeing eye

From

The crown of she who
 Lived between dawn and
 Night, born of the witch
 Brood and brought by the
 Winter winds East from
 The dead lands.

CONCERNING SEHLATS

by Lee Burwasser

Three things are known about the sehlat. It resembles "a fat teddy bear;" it has 6 inch fangs; it is found as a pet on Vulcan. It is not known if it was originally native to Vulcan or, if not, whether it was transplanted, or is still imported. Nor is it known how common it is, whether as ubiquitous as the cat and dog on Earth, or a rare and exotic creature.

If the general description is accurate -- it was made by an Earthwoman, in casual conversation, but one familiar with the beast -- the sehlat resembles the giant panda of Earth, which also has been described as "a super teddy-bear." (1)

Let us try to draw a picture of the sehlat, starting with facts that we have.

Given the factor of the 6 inch fangs, what can we necessarily deduce about the size of the animal? At this point let me introduce the term "fang/skull ratio." It is simply length of fangs over length of skull, expressed in decimal fractions to facilitate comparison. This factor is important because fangs of a certain length pre-suppose a skull big enough to support them.

From the use of the term "fangs," one may deduce that the sehlat is a carnivore. The only other types of animals that can be said to have fangs are such omnivores as swine, and their cutlery is referred to as "tushes." It may be argued that even a Vulcan might refer to tushes as "fangs" if he were trying to impress an Earthman. This is unlikely. A tushed animal would be as dangerous as a fanged animal of the same weight. Hence there would be no point in such an exaggeration. (The relative danger from the two types of animal will be discussed later.)

The most noted fanged animal of Earth was the sabre-toothed tiger, which had 6-9 inch fangs, and a fang/skull ratio of 0.33. The excessive size of the sabre-tooth's fangs may well have been non-functional. It has, in fact, been cited as a factor in the extinction of the species. It there-

fore seems likely that any animal with a fang/skull ratio the same as, or larger than, that of the sabre-tooth, is a poor risk in evolutionary and survival terms.

If the sehlat had a body the size of the panda (see Table B) its fang/skull ratio would have been greater than that of the sabre-tooth. Our hypothetical fanged panda would be even more encumbered than the extinct model.

The only animal I know of with 6 inch fangs was Tyrannosaurus rex, which had a four foot skull. If we assume that 6 inch fangs require a skull that size, an animal of bear-like or pandalike proportions (that is, with a skull roughly one-quarter the size of its body length) would need a 16 foot body, just less than twice the size of the Alaskan brown bear. Some pet.

For we must not lose sight of our third known factor; the sehlat is a pet suitable for a child. A sixteen foot carnivore is unlikely to fall into that category, if only because a light cuff (from the sehlat's viewpoint) could be a mortal blow to the child on the receiving end.



A large tushed omnivore would be at least as dangerous; their tushes are for defense and more readily called into play than a carnivore's fangs. Swine are also notoriously foultempered, and considered highly dangerous game.

A smaller, more sabre-toothed carnivore (or omnivore, bearing in mind what weapons tushes are) would be, if anything, more dangerous. Tooth size has its effect on skull structure:

If there are to be large teeth, then they must have a suitably swollen housing. If they are to be crunched together effectively, then they must be supplied with enormous muscle-power, and these muscles must have strong attachments. (2)

This was written in reference to an animal that evolved from small mammal into large, and whose teeth were never of disproportionate size.

Consider a small mammal that stays small or medium large, and which acquires 6 inch fangs, plus the requisite heavier jaws, more massive and powerful muscles with appropriate attachments, all on a skull the size of a small bear's. Where do the brains go? A small animal with such heavy dental hardware would be too stupid, and thus too dangerous and uncontrollable, for even a trained and experienced animal keeper to play with.

There is little possibility of the sehlat being venomous. True, venom fangs don't need such powerful biting muscles (though venom sacs themselves take up room in a skull) and removing venom sacs is not different in theory from deodorizing a skunk, but six inch fangs would certainly get in a small animal's way. Even if they could be folded back, even if it could unhinge its jaws like a snake, six inches is a lot of fang to put away. It would require seven inches of jaw at least, and an animal with a jaw that size is already a large carnivore. (And how many large carnivores are venomous? The largest snakes are constrictors.)

Whether carnivores or tushed omnivore, the sehlat cannot be a small, or even medium-sized mammal. It could not have sufficient cranial capacity to be safe as a pet. Nor could an animal on the order of T. rex, or the hypothetical sixteen foot animal, be considered exactly suitable. Between the two extremes lies an animal the size of the Alaskan brown bear; still a large carnivore, but as small as possible if one is to avoid the sabre-tooth syndrome. The fang/skull ratio is large (see Table B) but smaller than that of the sabre-tooth.

But what kind of parents would give their son an Alaskan bear for a pet? The objections are twofold. First: a bear is too strong for its intelligence. A nip from a bear could be a savage bite to a humanoid child; a careless slap could break his neck. Second: temperament. A bear is simply not a domestic animal. Even domestic swine can be vicious. True, a large animal would not feel threatened by what to a small animal would be rough handling, but even an intelligent bear is likely to resent someone kicking his ribs, grabbing his ears, pulling his hair and all the other things a child might do. (It has been demonstrated that even a Vulcan child might probably need some taming.) (3)

Even though the sehlat may have the appearance of a teddy bear, it must be highly intelligent (more so, perhaps, than the smartest dog.) The sehlat would have to be as patient and as gentle as a St. Bernard, or it would be far too dangerous to be a pet.

And so our portrait of the sehlat: a carnivore or just possibly a tushed omnivore, general shape that of a giant panda, size on the order of an Alaskan brown bear, highly in-

telligent, and, despite the 6 inch fangs, of a patient and gentle disposition.

Question: did the sehlat belong to Spock, or was Spock in the care of the sehlat?

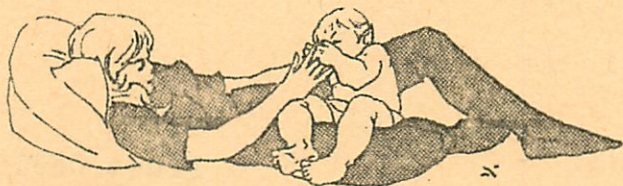


TABLE A - AVERAGE MEASUREMENTS OF TERRAN SPECIES

<u>Animal</u>	<u>Body Length</u>	<u>Fang Length</u>	<u>Skull Length</u>	<u>Fang/Skull Ratio</u>
Giant panda	5 ft	-	16 in	-
Sabre-tooth tiger	10 ft	6-9 in	27 in	0.33
American black bear	6 ft	2-3 in	18 in	0.125
Alaskan brown bear	9 ft	3-4 in	27 in	0.125
<u>Tyrannisaurus rex</u>	47 ft	6 in	48 in	0.125

TABLE B - HYPOTHETICAL MEASUREMENTS OF SEHLAT

If size of panda	5 ft	6 in	16 in	0.5-0.4
If size of Alaskan bear	9 ft	6 in	27 in	0.22
If skull same size as <u>T. rex</u> , but bear-like proportions	16 ft	6 in	48 in	0.125

-
- (1) Morris, Ramona, and Desmond Morris, Men and pandas.
 (2) Ibid.
 (3) SPOCKANALIA #1, "Thoughts on Vulcan Culture."

Communication from Star Fleet Intelligence #2

by John Mansfield

Fleet OFFICER - 3
3rd Fleet
Sanctuary
6907.1

Dear Sir,

I am sorry for the delay in writing you, but we've been rather busy.

I realize that you have a deadline coming and I am afraid that the only thing I have is one of the "squirt" spy tapes, that has been declassified. I hope it will do.

We are not sure where this tape came from. Three possibilities are from the main store room where they were sorting supplies, from the secondary store room, where items are sorted as to deck, or from the post office. We have no way of checking.

Here is hoping that this gets to you in time.

J. Mansfield
FO-3 (INT)
USS DEWAR

TRANSCRIPTION TAPE # 168

First Voice: One set barbells, one dozen ripped shirts - green...say, you mean they actually come this way?

Second Voice: Whose? Kirk's? Don't ask stupid questions, just carry on.

First Voice: One gallon Creme de Menthe, probably for Spock, so he can have the occasional Bloody Mary....

Second Voice: Lieutenant, I am warning you.

First Voice: Six ounces of VULCANA perfume by Leila Enterprises, three bolts of tartan cloth, volume 1683 of The Illustrated Guide of the People's Republic, six copies, seven copies of PLAYBOY, one gross of Vulcan ears...VULCAN EARS!

Second Voice: We are having a Vulcan party 1876.3. Now just read the list.



First Voice: One Bleeding Heart....

Second Voice: Interesting novel tape; I scanned it once. Who got a copy?

First Voice: Doctor McCoy, (pause) One dirth of Limbra... er ...strings. I didn't know that they came in a....

Second Voice: Just finish the list....

THE

SKYBORN

by Dorothy Jones

The cloud, still at some distance from the Enterprise, appeared on the screen as a dim bubble of light.

"I don't like it," said Kirk.

"It's only a gas cloud," said McCoy, "and a small one at that. The Galaxy's full of them."

"And they've been there since time was," Kirk answered. "This one does not appear on our charts, which means it wasn't here fifteen years ago."

"It wasn't here six months ago," Spock interjected, "if my interpretations of its size and rate of expansion are correct."

"Any explanation?"

"None, Captain. At this point I haven't even a hypothesis. I can only observe. I find it fascinating."

"I find it disturbing. Gas clouds ought not to pop out of empty space like...."

"...A rabbit out of a hat?" McCoy finished for him. "Saving your presence, Mr. Spock," he added. The Vulcan paid no attention.

"What does Star Base say about it?" Kirk asked over his shoulder.

"They have no record of it," Uhura answered.

"Request we move in closer, Captain," said Spock. "I am picking up some very interesting readings."

"Ahead half speed, Mr. Sulu. Continue scanner sweep."

"Point five, sir," said Sulu. The white bubble on the screen began to grow.

"I'll admit that its shape is unusual," said McCoy. "It's nearly a perfect sphere."

"It hasn't been here long enough for the currents of space to have distorted it," Kirk said. "Anything new to report, Mr. Spock?"

"Some turbulence in the center of the sphere. Almost as though...." His voice trailed off.

"Sir," said Chekov, "deflectors report a small object in the center of the turbulence."

"How small?"

"I can't say, sir. It only registers as a point. But its density is very high -- right off the scale."

"Sensors report no such object," Spock put in.

"Do you want to move in closer, Mr Spock?"

"Yes, please, Captain. But I would advise caution. You will recall that the last object we encountered which registered on the deflectors but not on the sensors was the extragalactic force field which killed Lt. Commander Mitchell."

"I remember," said Kirk. "Quarter speed, Mr. Sulu."

"Point two five, sir."



The bubble enlarged 'til its edges ran off the screen. The sensors began to register the outermost wisps of gas.

"Infinitesimal size, zero mass, infinite density...." Spock murmured, his eyes reflecting the blue light of the scanner. "Nothing visual yet."

Don't go any closer.

Sulu's hands flew to the controls and brought the ship to a

halt. Then he turned to look at Kirk, who was looking at Spock.

"Captain, did you say...." Chekov began tentatively.

"No. I thought Mr. Spock...."

Spock raised his eyebrows in silence, and returned to the scanner.

"Take us back where we were, Mr. Sulu," said Kirk. Sulu obeyed. If he saw anything unusual in Kirk's sudden readiness to take orders from outside forces, he concealed it.

"Any ideas, Mr. Spock?" Kirk asked presently.

"My first hypothesis -- discarded almost immediately -- was that the cloud had been formed from the escaping atmosphere of an exploded starship. The amount of gas, however, is too great. In addition, the gas is continuing to emanate steadily from the central point. It may be that a space warp of some kind is causing a leak into this volume of space from another part of this universe, or from another universe...." He looked at the cloud's image on the screen with some distaste. "Or, that an act of special creation is taking place."

"Which of these hypotheses do you favor?"

"None of them. I find them all extremely unsatisfactory." Mr. Spock's nose was incapable of turning up at anything, but the effect was the same.

"Message coming in, Captain," announced Uhura.

"Star Base?"

"No, sir. It's coming from Menel III, directly behind us."

"Menel III? I thought it was uninhabited."

"It is reported so," Spock confirmed, "although it is Class M and quite habitable. There were two attempts at colonization. In each instance the settlers asked to be transferred: they claimed the planet gave them nightmares. It now appears that some of them remained."

"What's the message, Lieutenant?"

"They request that our Science Officer transport down to coordinates which they will supply. They say it's urgent."

"Mr. Sulu, set course for Menel III."

"They're expecting us at Star Base 6," Sulu pointed out.

"Then they can expect us tomorrow. Lieutenant, tell them that Commander Spock will be arriving shortly.

"Why you, in particular, do you suppose?" he said quietly to Spock.

Spock shrugged. "We'll find out presently."

"Yes. Lieutenant," he said in a louder voice, "add to that message that I'll be beaming down also."

Menel III, as seen from orbit, could hardly have appeared less nightmarish. It was a typical Class M-1 planet, cool and green, reminding Kirk sharply of Earth. It passed through his mind that Spock, with his M-IV home world, might see it differently.

"We have the coordinates, Captain," came Scotty's voice, breaking into Kirk's train of thought. "Right at the base of a mountain. Good weather at the moment -- though there might be rain tonight -- but there are buildings of some sort down there."

"Left over from the attempts at colonization, I suppose. Ready, Mr. Spock?"

"Quite ready, Captain," answered Spock, slinging his tricorder around neck and shoulder. They stepped into the transporter.

They found themselves standing between a row of trees and a cream-colored building with a sloping roof that slanted toward them. A pair of double doors stood open.

"Come in, please," came a woman's voice. They stepped through a short hallway into a large room, panelled in some dark wood. The far wall, nearly twenty feet high, was curtained from top to bottom with dark blue velvet. Neither windows nor lamps could be seen, but the room was filled with light. Kirk could not tell how this came to be.

Then the one who had spoken stepped from behind the door to meet them.

She appeared to be a human woman, but for her coloring. Not even on Deneb II had Kirk seen anyone so pale. Hair, skin and clothing were all the same silvery white. She was no albino, for her eyes also were a shining silver grey. Her skin was unlined, and it was impossible to guess at her age.

"---So pleased that you could come, Captain, Commander," she was saying. "The problem may seem esoteric at first, but I assure you that it is of great importance...."

Her words scarcely registered. Kirk could not understand the dazzled feeling that had come over him. The woman was beautiful, certainly, but how should that make him feel like a hobbit in the land of giants? The room was swimming in golden light, and there seemed to be voices like little bells speaking just above the range of his hearing.

With an effort, he found his voice. "Do you live here all alone?"

"Yes, Captain. My name is Marie Delacroix, and I came here with the second ---" She broke off. She seemed to be looking over his shoulder, and her eyes widened. Kirk did not care to turn and look; perhaps she had just noticed Mr. Spock's alien features.

"Yes," she said after a moment. "Come sit by me, Captain, and I will explain." She took his hand, and he felt a shock like a current of electricity run through him. She seemed to feel it too, for she loosed his hand, and took his wrist lightly between thumb and finger, like a Vulcan leading a child. He followed her to a low white couch by the curtained wall. Spock, behind him, was forgotten.

"This is a very strange planet, Captain," she began. "Most human beings can't take it; I was odd enough to like it and remain behind when the others left. What distinguishes this planet is that it is a cross-roads. The eldila come here: to this solar system; to this planet; to this mountain."

She rose and drew the dark curtains, revealing the window that made up the entire back wall. Through it, Kirk saw the mountain.

Its base rose steeply out of the rugged ground a hundred yards away. The sun was about to set behind it, and the crown of clouds around its peak was glowing brilliantly. But its near face was already in shadow. Its lower slopes were green with trees, and a stream, shining in the last of the light, fell out of the rocks and ran away to the south. Long slanting beams of light fell around it. The light was not too bright for Kirk's eyes, but he could not look at the mountain for long. He looked back to the silver eyes of the woman beside him.

"Why did you ask us to come here?"

"Something is happening in Deep Heaven. Some action is



needed. They didn't tell me: I wouldn't understand if they did. I simply did as they ordered and sent for the Commander."

"Who are 'they'?"

"The eldila. They who pause in the Great Dance to touch this mountain. Look."

Kirk turned to the window again. The sun had set, and the land between the house and the mountain had grown very dark. But the beams of light remained, shining down from some unseen source, flickering along the ground, surrounding and leading on a tall, slender figure who looked almost like....

Kirk leaped to his feet and spun around. The room was now dark, but he could see that Spock was gone.

"They took him away, Captain," said the woman's calm voice behind him. "See! they are leading him up on the mountain, so that they may speak to him."

Kirk hurled himself at the window. "Spock!"

"You know that he can't hear you, Captain. He can't come back; and you can't follow him," she added as he looked toward the door. "The ground is rough and fissured. You can't cross it without light. You must stay here tonight. Tell your ship that you'll return in the morning. Your friend will come back when the day dawns." She took his arm -- again the burning shock flowed from her white fingers -- and led him away from the sight of the brooding mountain and the slender beams of light that climbed it.

Kirk lay on the soft couch, staring up into the darkness. He could hear nothing; the small room was heavily curtained. He remembered that Scotty had predicted rain for the area, and irrationally his heart ached to think of the catlike drylander Spock with the rain dripping off the ends of his hair and blowing into his face. And God-knew-what to keep him company.

The murmur of a distant explosion brought him to his feet, and his hand was at his phaser before he recognized the sound of thunder. He flung the soft, clinging blanket across the room and charged through the curtains.

The great window that faced the mountain was still uncovered, and the room was lit up by flashes of lightning. Streaks of white light -- blessedly unlike the pale golden rods of the eldila -- surged and broke around the mountain's peak. Rain beat thickly against the glass. A white figure stood at the window.

"Madame Delacroix?" She gave no sign that she had heard. He made his way across the room by dead reckoning and the lightning flashes. She glanced at him and turned back to the sight of the mountain. "It isn't fair, you know," he heard himself saying. "It doesn't rain where Spock grew up. He's not used to it."

"In that I can reassure you, Captain." She turned her pale eyes on him and smiled. "In the presence of the eldila he would not notice if it rained dandelions."

"That's...not very reassuring." He looked again at the mountain: the bright light of the peak was reflected against the clouds. "What will they do to him?"

"Nothing that is evil. There is no evil in them. He will come back to you, though not, perhaps, unchanged. Have no fear for his life. Have I not lived many years in the shadow of this mountain? and I still live."

Let's hope so, Kirk thought, but didn't say. White and wraithlike she stood with her fingertips against the window. Between the flashes of lightning she seemed almost to shine with her own pale light. But at least she had a human shape, and a face. As if to reassure himself of her solidity, he reached out and drew her into his arms.

She stood very still. Her mouth was surprisingly warm, and her skin was very smooth, and again he felt the tingling current that she seemed to produce as his own body generated heat. It was as if he held in his arms one of the lightning bolts that blazed out in the darkness where Spock was.

She drew back. "Your heart's not really in it, Captain. Neither is mine." She turned back to the window.

"Where is he, do you think?"

"Somewhere between the valley and the peak: where they are."

The rain beat against his face, and his hair was matted and dripping. He scarcely noticed it. The storm cracked and rumbled above his head, and the wind howled in his ears, but he heard only the voice that had called him: high sweet voices that pierced him as though they were played on the long flutes of his own hollow bones.

He observed that he had fallen to his knees on a broad ledge between two walls of rock. Around him stood the shapes of the five skyborn who had led him to this place. But there were more than five. Their shining bodies lit up the air around him, and still they came. And the ledge was not level, as he had thought, for the skyborn stood at an angle to it: in some way (he could not say how, and logic had long since thrown up its hands in despair) he knew that they were upright and it was the ledge, the mountain, the very surface of the planet that were tilted, spinning around Menel as Menel turned with the rest of the Galaxy. He bent closer to the ground and hid his face in his hands.

"Listen," the voices were saying. "Listen, dear heart. You must not be frightened. Listen to us, beloved soul. We have so much to tell you."



D.E.A.

The storm went on. Kirk leaned his forehead against the cold glass.

"Captain, you had better rest. You will see nothing more tonight." She coaxed him to lie down on the white couch behind them.

"But you can see more than I can." He looked with some lingering suspicion at her pale face and glowing eyes. "Are you an Earthwoman?"

She understood. "When I came here, I was dark and ruddy -- I even had freckles. I came from Brussels, and I was twenty-four. I was an assistant dietician, and I spent all my time chasing after the senior agronomist." She smiled at the memory. "That was a long time ago. I have been burnt white by the presence of the eldila."

Boiling water was bubbling nearby, and far in the distance some bird or beast sang like a French horn. "Captain, I think you will want to wake now."

Kirk blinked and sat up. Sunlight was pouring in the window. The storm had vanished, and the mountain shone green in the bright morning. Marie Delacroix was holding a steaming cup under his nose. He sipped cautiously. It was more like tea than like most things. He was a coffee-drinker by nature, but the stuff helped clear his brain. He looked out the window again, just in time to see Spock vanish around the corner of the house.

Kirk rose -- his legs were weak, he noticed -- and turned toward the door. Marie was ahead of him, and opened the double doors wide to admit Spock.

His clothes were still damp, and his boots muddy. His eyes were very dark. He steadied himself against the door-frame, and accepted a cup of brew with the other hand.

"Just in time for breakfast," she said. "Now, I'm not an expert on cooking for your biochemistry, but if you're willing to experiment...."

"No, thank you," he told her. "I have something to accomplish. Captain, we must return to the Enterprise at once."

"Very well, Mr. Spock." Kirk opened his communicator.

Spock looked around the transporter room as though he hadn't seen it for years. Scotty looked at him with concern. McCoy opened his mouth and shut it again at Kirk's warning

look.

"If you please, Captain," said Spock. Kirk followed him out of the room and into a turbolift.

"Bridge." The doors slid shut. "Well, Mr. Spock?"

Spock's dark eyes were wide and distant. Kirk would have said he was afraid, if one could believe it of Spock. "The gas cloud, Captain...one of my earlier hypotheses was not far from correct. There is, as I conjectured, a space warp in existence, causing a leak from another universe into this one. The rapidly expanding gas cloud results from the fact that the other side of the leak is located in the atmosphere of a planet."

"And?"

"And we must destroy the warp, Captain. Plug the leak. Or rather, I must: so I have been commanded."

"How do you do that?"



"I must take the Enterprise and direct it at full speed toward the center of the cloud. I must fire full phasers into it at point-blank range. This will disrupt the energy balance sufficiently to destroy the warp."

Kirk stared at him. "And keep the planet's atmosphere from leaking away. I see. Is this planet...inhabited, Mr. Spock?"

"I don't know, Captain. They said that no one is told any story but his own. Don't you see, it doesn't make any difference? I know my part of it and I must do as the skyborn have commanded."

"And if I don't give you permission to play that kind of games with my ship?"

Spock closed his eyes. "I...prefer not to think about that, Captain. I am not certain of how I am to overcome your very natural objections. I am told that the Enterprise will not be harmed."

"Are you certain?"

"At this point I am not certain of anything. But I know that if I fail in this I dare not face...." He looked at Kirk, his eyes wide and dark with -- not fear: awe. "Jim, Please."

The doors slid open. Kirk looked into his lovely, efficient bridge, filled with beautiful instruments and trained personnel ready to obey his orders....

"Mr. Spock, the bridge is yours." He put his hand on Spock's shoulder to draw him out of the turbolift, and his hand tingled with an echo of the current that had flowed from Marie Delacroix.

Spock placed himself in the command chair and touched a control on the arm. "Mr. Corey, please report to the bridge."

With Lt. Corey installed at the computer station, the Enterprise headed toward the cloud. Kirk hovered over the back of the command chair.

"The eldila -- what are they, Spock?"

He had spoken softly, but McCoy (also hanging around the bridge where he wasn't needed) overheard. "All right, I'll bite -- what are eldila?"

Lt. Corey's urbane calm -- he spent his life with a computer readout in one hand and a foil in the other -- gave way to a certain interest. "Eldila? That's a name used in a series of 20th century fantasy novels. Eldila are -- well, they're angels, more or less."

McCoy snorted. "I thought you said you didn't believe in angels, Mr. Spock."

"Did I?" said Spock quietly. "I may have been mistaken."

They headed into the cloud, picking up speed, and no voice turned them back.

"Warp eight," reported Sulu. The gas billowed around the viewscreens as the ship cut through the cloud. "Warp nine."

The intercom beeped. "What's going on here?" came Scotty's plaintive voice.

"Emergency measures, Mr. Scott," said Spock calmly. "Full power, please."

"You can't maintain that kind of speed long," Scotty warned.



"I'm aware of that," Spock answered. "If we are fortunate, we won't have to. Mr. Chekov, are phasers locked on the central body?"

"Locked, sir, and you have fire control. It's getting very close."

"Warp eleven."

Kirk looked up at the ceiling, and the cloud speeding by. Careful, dammit, Spock, he thought.

Now the center of the turbulence was visible on the screen, approaching rapidly. Spock's finger hovered over the fire control contact; his eyes and ears were intent on something or nothing.

He touched the contact. The phasers fired, and the screen flared up with a solid brilliance. Then all the lights went out, and in the darkness Kirk saw that the space of the bridge was pierced with the beams of the eldila, clustered around Spock.

Then they diverged and flashed away and were gone. The lights came back on. Spock sat slumped in the command chair.

"Mr. Spock?" Kirk touched his shoulder. There was no current. "Spock, are you all right?"

Spock blinked and sat up. "Quite well, thank you, Captain." He rose from the chair and went to the computer. "Thank you, Mr. Corey. You may return to your station."

Lt. Corey rose and bowed formally, his mane of blond hair scattering light. "I'll never," he added sotto voice to Uhura, "know what this was all about." He left in majesty, taking the eleventh century with him.

"Well," said Kirk. He lowered himself gingerly into the command chair, relieved that no stray bolt of eldilic energy remained to blast him. "Mr. Chekov, reset course for Star Base 6. Warp five, Mr. Sulu, as soon as course is laid in."

"Warp five, sir."

The Enterprise moved out of what remained of the cloud. Kirk watched the wisps of gas drift past and drummed his fingers on his knees. "Mr. Spock--- "

"Yes, Captain?"

"Did you----" He looked around warily, and rose, edging away from McCoy's intent ears. "Did you succeed?"

"The warp is destroyed. The planet is safe."

"And that's it?"

"That is it."

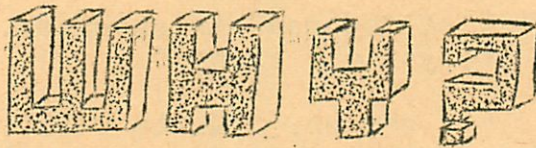
"Did they -- that is, would you check the records for

the history of the Menel III colony?"

"I just did, Captain. The second expedition abandoned Menel III one hundred and twenty years ago."

"That figures, somehow." And then, bursting out, "Do they have any further plans for you?"

"Oh, no, Captain." His fingers moved over the controls, and the computer began to murmur. "Not for many years."



by Robin Root

Violent emotion is a form of insanity.
 So we teach, we know.
 Thus has it been taught, on your world.
 There the teachings were not followed,
 Yet you survived.
 We could not.
 The mind must rule for life to be
 Here where all was one great war -
 Where peace reigned long before you forged metal...

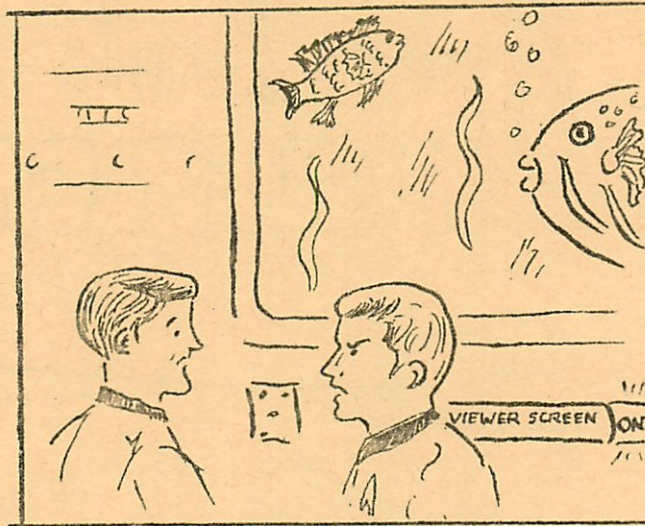
Emotion is illogical, yet we appreciate
 Love and beauty, truth and friendship,
 Knowledge.
 The harm outweighs the good of emotion,
 The scales of logic show a better balance.
 Logic is a near perfect tool;
 The flaws lie in its users.

T'Prae

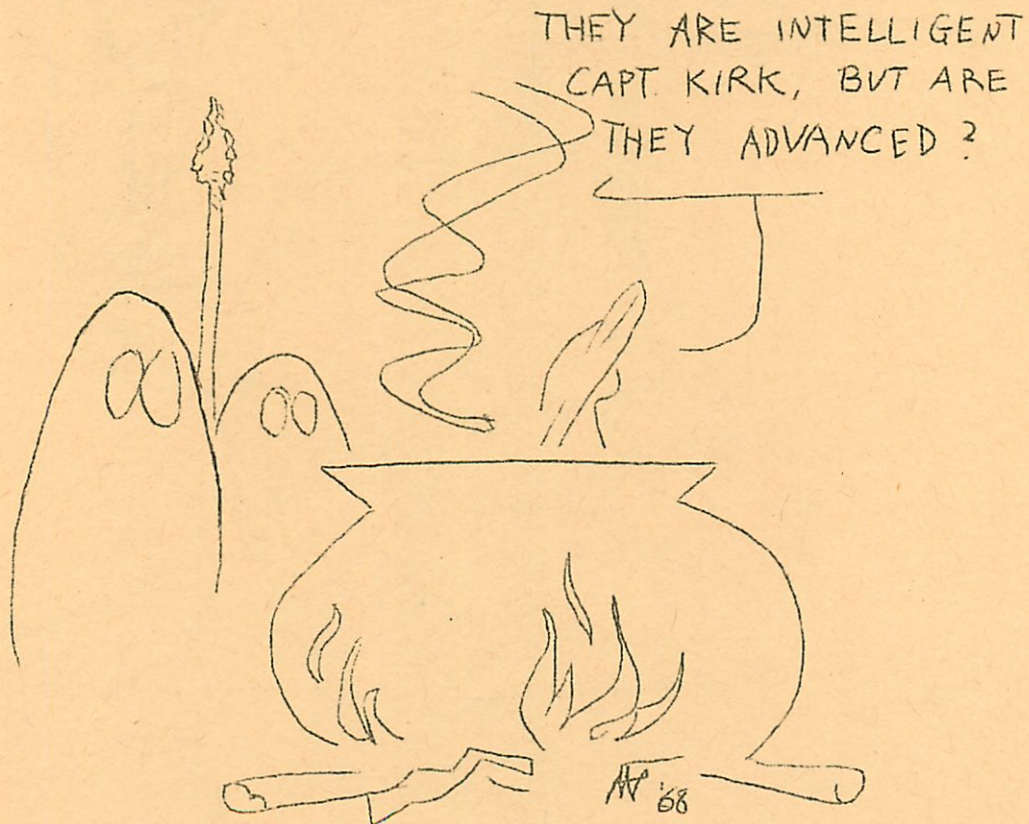
The Free Enterprise

CARTOON SUPPLEMENT





"What do you think this is Mr. Scott, Voyage to the bottom of the sea?!"



AP '68

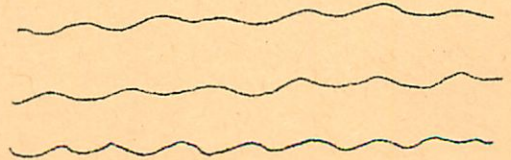


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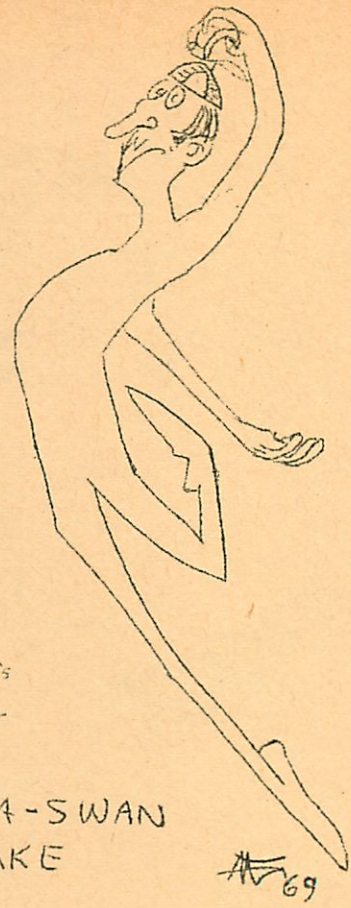
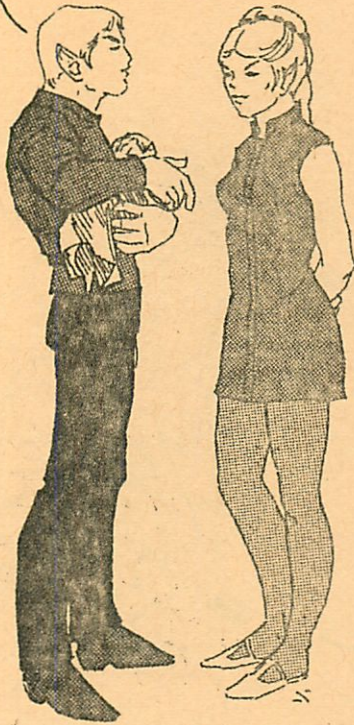
THE ULTIMATE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM
OF THE "OPEN-MOUTHED" KISS

MEMO: TO - STAR TREK
FROM - NBC

Please exercise caution when
using the open-handed display
of affection.



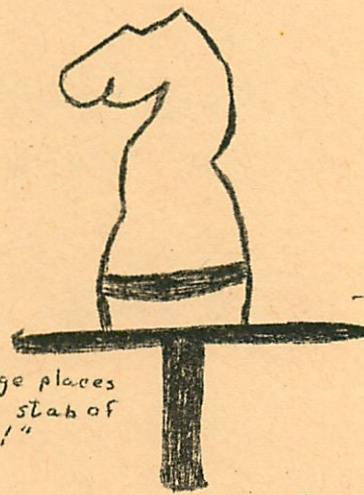
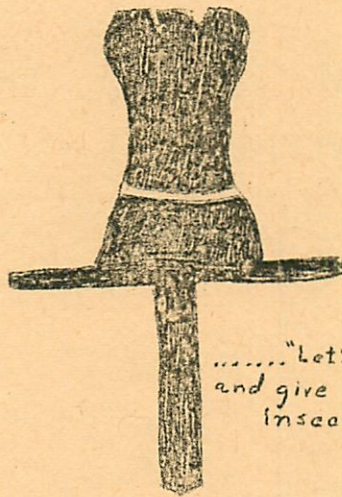
I distinctly heard him say 'Da-da!



ENTREPRENEURS
ARE
LOGICAL

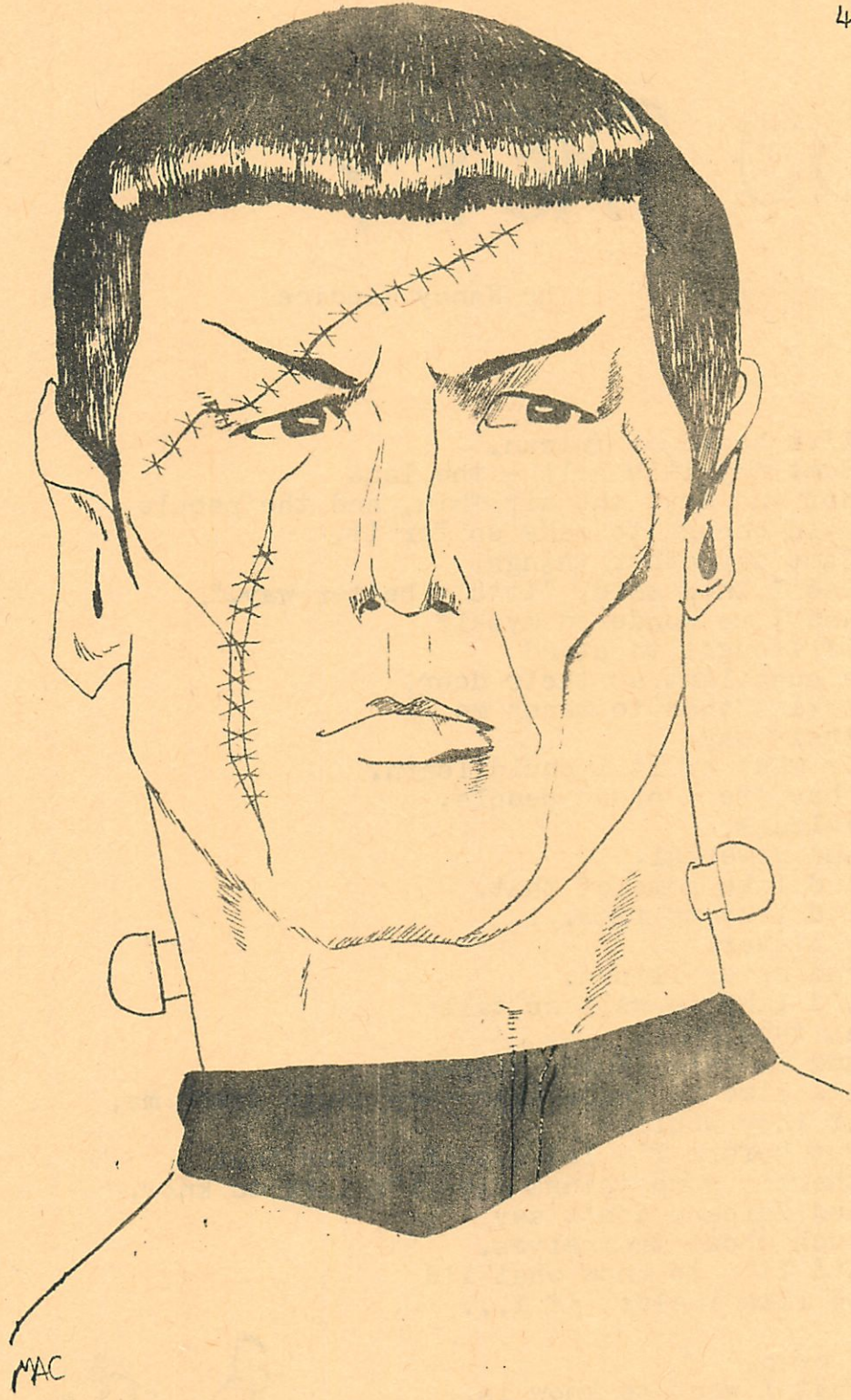
TREKA-SWAN
LAKE

AV 69



....."Let's change places
and give him a stab of
insecurity!"

Sara Fensterer



"I am the real MrCoy."

DO THEY?

by Nancy Giudice

I've heard of Vulcan.
Some say it's hell - the land
hot and dry, the air thin, and the people
cold enough to make up for it.
Some say other things.
One I know said, "It's a better way."
And I've wondered myself
if I ought to stand
a suppliant at their door,
asking them to teach me
their way,
or what of it I could learn.
They are a proud people,
Vulcans,
and powerful.
I'd like some of that.
I'd like to face...
Whatever,
and never flinch.
I'd like to walk as tall
as they do
and be calm in any danger.
I'd like to learn what they could teach me,
if they would.
But before I'd let myself in for that,
there's some things else I'd like to know.
And Vulcans don't say
much about themselves.
I'd like to know what I'd
be like inside, if I...

I mean,
what I want to know is,
Do Vulcan babies smile?





ROMULCAN HISTORY

by Cliveden Chew

(This is from the files of Cliveden M. Chew, wife of the present UFIS Director, currently stationed on the planet Vulcan. A note affixed to the material reads "To be revised as more information becomes available.")

Vulcan-Romulan similarities are very great. Obviously they are of the same species, or so closely related as to be indistinguishable. The Vulcans have advanced the hypothesis that the Romulans are remnants of an earlier (and more savage) colonization period. It is my belief that this leaves too much unsaid.

It is well known that early Vulcan history was a long series of wars. It is not so well known how savage these wars really were. Contemporary accounts make our Earth wars seem like mere escapades in comparison. Probably, most people have never considered how savage and terrible a war must be in order to convince its wagers that it must be stopped at all costs. There have been movements for peace on Earth for all of recorded history. These have at various times gained positions of acceptance and importance. However, no action which could actually succeed in stopping war, such as genetic breeding, and a complete change in social structure, has ever been seriously considered on any useful scale. On Vulcan, not only was such a theory put forward, it was accepted. Genetic "rebreeding" took place to such an extent that the Vulcan character has undergone a vast change. Furthermore, the society was largely restructured. This is obvious from the fact that Vulcan society is uniform. There are no known divisions on Vulcan of sub-races, sub-religions, sub-philosophies, sub-anything.



Obviously, this did not arise through general social evolution. It was brought about intentionally and dramatically. An attempt is being made to study this change and define how it came about, in relation to present-day Romulan-Vulcan relationships.

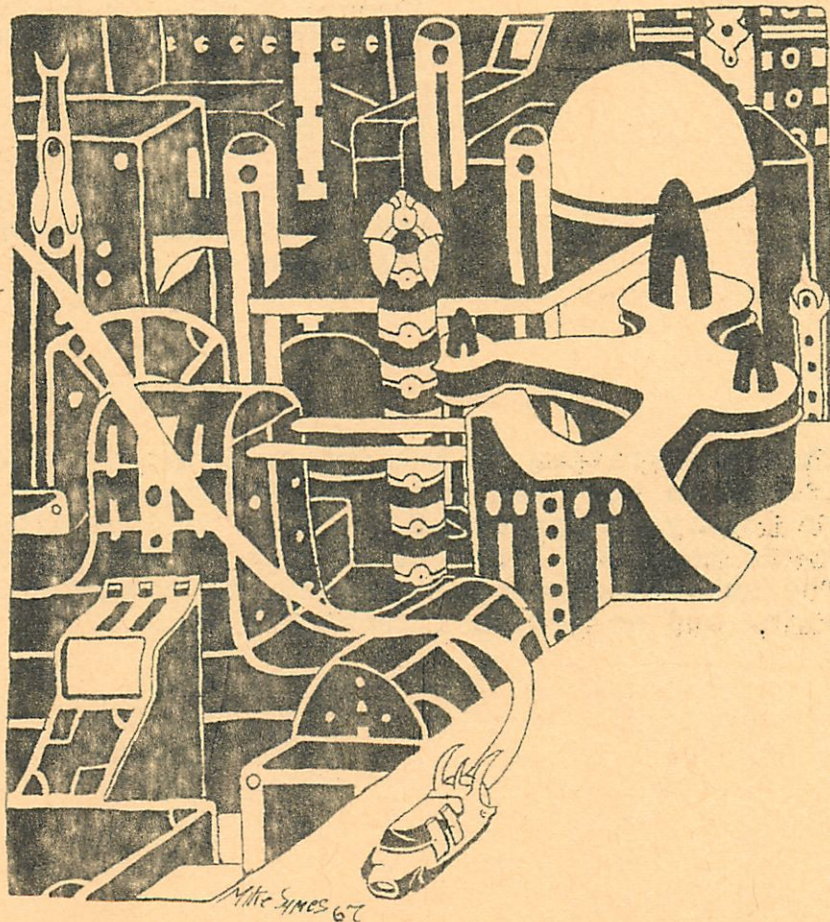
The Vulcan wars were, as stated earlier, extremely savage. Eventually, there arose on Vulcan, as on any other planet where wars are common, a group of people who desired peace. This was less acceptable in Vulcan society than it ever was in most Earth cultures. As nearly as one can tell from studies of the information available, the Vulcan population level had fallen tremendously, before a group too large to be put down by the conventional methods (social ostracism, prison, etc.) became seriously alarmed, and made itself widely felt.

The functional (warlike) society was first disrupted and then destroyed by the drastic drop in population. The peace movements gathered strength even as the wars increased in ferocity. (The fact that the race was not wiped out entirely implies that the Vulcans were only using weapons comparable to early 1900's Earth standard.)(1) Apparently the peace movement became planetwide in a relatively short period, and the trappings of modern Vulcan society were adopted.

As mentioned earlier, no radical approach of this type was seriously considered on Earth, nor on any other known planet. Even the reforms of Sparta were not carried this far. This makes students of history wonder exactly what the difference was on Vulcan. The Vulcans were war-oriented, and as such would not all have jumped on the bandwagon crying "Yes, we must have genetic control!" As a matter of fact, a large group was undoubtedly extremely antagonistic to the whole idea. The last period of wars may have been fought between the "peaceniks" and the "warniks," the latter banding together in the face of a common enemy, genetic control. The peaceniks, perhaps, were overenthusiastic followers of the leader Surak. They obviously won.

The theory put forth by Vulcan authorities concerning Romulans is that they are the offspring of an earlier and more savage colonization period. It is distinctly possible that the participants in this colonization movement were the unreconstructed members of the war party. When the peaceniks triumphed, the warniks departed en masse, probably helped by a healthy shove from the peaceniks, and were told "Don't come back." (2) The Romulans departed, probably taking with them the most savage of the ancient Vulcan customs and society, including an extreme war orientation, and leaving behind a unique event: the self-destruction and reconstruction of a war society into a peaceful, "civilized" one.

-
- (1) It is at this point in history that the lack of availability of tapes becomes distressing. Only the most general information can be obtained. The specifics of this time period, including dates, are simply not available.
 - (2) "The time of the beginning," referred to in the ceremony of koon-ut-kal-if-fee, may date from this event.



From the files of the Terran Bureau of Investigation -
by Dorothy Jones



Man of Vulcan, ere we part,
Give, ah, give me back my heart,
Lest it follow you unheard
Like the silver-bodied bird,
Wing outspread on scarlet air.
Halda min, va heli ler.

By that hair of flowing night
Where the stars are sown in light,
By that face wherein I see
Burnished steel bud forth a tree,
Pale and calm, unearthly fair.
Halda min, va heli ler.

By those heaven-vaulted eyes
Where unfathomed laughter lies
In the bronzy deeps, like cool
Sunlight in an ancient pool
Wherein drown the unaware,
Halda min, va heli ler.

Man of Vulcan, you will go
To a land I may not know.
You will walk the shining plain
Where the starlight falls like rain.
May no evil find you there.
Halda min, va heli ler.

NOTE: This was written by Ambassador Sarek's former secretary, and was found in her desk after the Ambassador had left Earth. It is, obviously, a parody of Byron's "Maid of Athens." The Vulcan words mean "my lord (lit. 'crystalline jewel'), I love you." The subject displays no animosity toward the Ambassador or his wife, and no action is contemplated.

TBI Agent 2286
(Dorothy Jones)

A Note on the Vulcan Nervous System

by Sherna C. Burley

The human nervous system has characteristics basic to its structure, which are reflected, on a higher level, in the behavior of the individual. There is reason to suspect that one such behavioral characteristic is not shared by Vulcans, and that, therefore, there is an underlying difference in the two nervous systems. This difference is greater than the interfertility of the two life forms would lead one to suspect.

The human nervous system requires constant change of stimulus at all levels. Failure to provide this change can cause varying degrees of malfunction. A human deprived of all or most sensory variation will begin to hallucinate such stimuli. Eventually there is a further breakdown of function, and insanity follows.

Not only is constant stimulation needed, but there must be continuing variation in stimulation, to maintain the human nervous system in functional condition, and to permit accurate perception of surroundings. A classic example of this is the fact that the eyes are constantly moving in tiny jerks. This means that the level of light falling across each cell in the retina is constantly changing. If this stops, as it can be stopped in the laboratory, the image disappears from the perception of the experimental subject. The person cannot see what the eye is focused on, and the subjective visual experience (the percept) fades to a neutral gray.

On a higher level, a certain amount of variance in rou-



tine is useful in maintaining mental health. A person will be more alert and efficient if his routine (whether short term, as in driving a car, or long term, as in the job he does) has an optimal level of variability. If things are too predictable, we get bored.

This is the reason that we take vacations. The person who does not perform physical labor, and who does not need to rebuild his physical reserves, still finds vacations desirable. Vacations build the mental reserves, and improve psychological functioning. In subjective terms, one feels better.

This is also why, "Get a hobby to help you take your mind off your work," is sound advice to the person suffering from the effects of continuing, monotonous work.

The Vulcan nervous system doesn't work this way. On two occasions, we've learned that Vulcans do not take active change-of-stimulus vacations. (1) The only thing that they seem to do which may be said to be analogous to the human vacation is something which seems calculated to effect physical reserves only. They put themselves into a deep trance, a state of complete physical relaxation, and, apparently, of complete elimination of sensory input. Such a condition would not be a restful vacation to a human. It would soon cost him his sanity.

There is no indication of how long this disconnected condition normally lasts in the Vulcan. The state can be terminated after a predecided length of time. The only episode observed lasted one half-hour, but this could be either unusually long, or unusually brief. The trance may last, in normal usage, for hours or even days.

If it does, there is another basic physiological difference between humans and Vulcans. Analogous to our need for continuous sensory stimulation, the human muscle must maintain a constant state of slight contraction in order to be functional. This slightly contracted state is called tonus. The degree of muscle tonus is indicative of the state of health, and is one of the factors determining muscle strength. Without tonus, your muscles might as well be plomeek jello for all the lifting they would be capable of.

Tonus is maintained by use. It is lost by excessive rest. A person lying flat on his back for even a few days will be shocked to discover how weak he is, upon rising. His muscles have lost tonus from disuse.

If the Vulcan can relax in the "vacation" trance for more than a day or so, and escape being greatly weakened by this -



if, indeed, he is actually strengthened by it - his muscular physiology is quite different from our own.

These properties of human nerve and muscle, reflected in visible behavior, are the result of the basic biochemistry and physiology of the human nerve cell and muscle fiber. Since Vulcans behave thus differently, the physiological makeup of their bodies, on the most basic level, must be quite different from ours, and it is truly amazing that hybridization, and common use of the same medications, is possible between the two species.



DML

POEM

by Alicia Austin



DML

Plomeek soup is a Vulcan dish
 Made with noodles and a four-legged fish.
 It smells just ghastly, it's a vile-tasting brew,
 And that's why Vulcans have a greenish hue.

The Free Enterprise

by Sundry

Being the story of Leonard

by Ev Turner

Once upon a time there was a Leonard. This particular Leonard like to dress up in funny clothes and pointed ears. All the other Leonards laughed at him and said that he was just trying to look like a Spock (he was) and that he wasn't satisfied with being a Leonard (he wasn't.) They laughed at him so hard he decided to run away and join the Spocks on the other side of the river. So he put his pointed ears on, and packed his extra pair of socks in a suitbag. He hailed a passing log and sailed to the other side of the river. All the Spocks were there, with their funny clothes and pointed ears and they all walked around saying "Logical, logical" except for the leaders. They said, "Fascinating, fascinating." The Leonard joined a group of Spocks and also said "Logical, logical." However, one of the Spocks noticed a strange voice and looked at him. Then he looked very shocked (or, at least, as shocked as a Spock could look) and pointed at him because, alas, one of his ears had fallen off!! All the other Spocks looked up and pointed at him and all in unison they advanced upon the poor Leonard (at a uniform pace of 1/5 mph.) pointing at his missing point-ear and saying "Illogical, illogical, illogical." Now this was even worse than the Leonards when they laughed at him so he ran back to his log and sailed down stream till he came to the land of people. Now half the people don't like the other half, and the other half don't like the first. But neither half cares about Leonards who wish they were Spocks so the Leonard bought a house and lived with the people, and became an actor, where he could pretend to be a Spock and get paid for it at the same time, and so he lived happily ever after, almost.

Support your Trans-Galactic Fan Fund! Give today!



Clare Mason

RUMOR COLUMN

by Sherna C. Burley

OPENMOUTHED CENSOR DEPT....Rumor hath it that Captain Kirk was asked to make a training film for Star Fleet last year. The subject was to be his uniquely effective techniques of personal diplomacy.

The Captain refused when he learned that, with the Twentieth Century morality typical of their kind, the Star Fleet censors would require him to avoid the open-mouthed kiss.

 Scotty keeps his booze under his hat

CONCERNING MR. SCOTT....Why do certain members of the bridge crew keep calling him "Mr. Spock's repairman"?

QUESTION NOT TO ASK..."Dr. McCoy, what are the biospecs on Vulcan teddy bears?"

STRICTLY OFF THE RECORD....Seen in Sickbay...Chris holding hands with Spock...following which she slapped him! Dr. M'Benga then ran in and slugged Spock a couple of good ones. Scotty tried to break up the brawl, but it was Spock himself who ended it with a remark to the effect of "I needed that."

TRANSPLANT....Christine denies the rumor that she and McCoy gave Spock a secret bippy transplant. She says his bippy looks like that naturally.



Chekov Thoughts
 by Shirley Meech

While the walian Enterprise
 Woyages through velvet skies
 Yeoman, come into my arms!
 I'm a wictim of your charms!
 With wiolets and wiolin,
 You I'd woo and you I'd win --
 With caviar and wintage wine,
 I would be your Walentine!

 My computer is better than your computer.

Watch Mr. Spock Sundays on "MISSION:ILLOGICAL"

 Doctor McCoy uses Darvan

(The following is an excerpt from the only audible section of a record tape of an interview with a Klingon captive who was held aboard an all-Vulcan vessel before his transference to a Star Base.

Transcribed by Yeoman Third Class Rosalind Oberdieck.)

My dear sir, it is totally illogical for you to stand there gibbering in that manner. After all, what would your superiors think? (Muttering.) I am your superior? Why, I hardly think that likely. You are not a member of Star Fleet. (Gagging noise.) Compose yourself, sir. It cannot have been as terrifying an experience as you seem to think. (Mumbling.) No, you are correct in stating that I am no judge of your emotions; however, I understand non-Vulcan reactions to certain situations. (Sputtering and bumping sounds.) Please, sir, restrain your emotions. (More noises, banging.) Sir! I beg you! Sir, if you continue in this manner I may have to resort to restraining you physically. Sir!! (Crashing sounds.)



Footnote

BUMP-OFF SCOREBOARD

Crewmen will please remember that only serious announcements of death, verified by suitable authority, are acceptable. Warnings of approaching doom, however certain, are not sufficient. Partial credit will be allowed for incurable crippling.

Kirk	- - -	4
Spock	- - -	3
Scott	- - -	1½
McCoy	- - -	1
Chekov	- - -	1

As usual, the Captain leads the field easily, but Mr. Spock is improving, and Mr. Chekov is showing the right spirit. Come on, team!

 "Spock wears thermal underwear." - Jennifer Marshall

PRELIMINARY SURVEY

OF



TRIBBLES



AND

MARTIAN FLAT CATS



by Ann Wilson

To: Science Division
Star Fleet Command

From: Ensign Ann Wilson
Biohistorian
U.S.S. Enterprise

Subject: Preliminary Survey of Tribbles and Martian Flat
Cats

1. Background

A. Tribbles

Tribbles were introduced into Federation territory by Cyrano Jones, a licensed asteroid locator and prospector (of dubious reputation.) The tribbles seem to have originated on an as-yet-unidentified planet believed to be somewhere in the Klingon sphere of influence. (1) I support this theory with the following points: Cyrano Jones has been reported in that area, and a Klingon Commander on Space Station K-7 reacted with a familiar hatred when first confronted with a tribble. (2)

B. Martian Flat Cats

These animals were once found in abundance on Mars. Terran

settlers of the late Twentieth Century made pets of them, Pollux and Castor Stone being the first to popularize flat cats as pets among the asteroid miners. (3) Flat cats are believed to have become extinct during the Genetic Wars. Records for this period are very scanty and it is difficult to ascertain the exact reason for their extinction. (4)



2. Description

A. Tribbles

As described by astrobiologist David Gerrold, tribbles are "a soft fluffy beanbag of a creature...anywhere in length from five to 16 inches. [They come] in a variety of colors...in beige, deep chocolate, gold, gold-green, auburn, cinnamon, dusky yellow and etc." (5) Their fur is "like that of an [Terran] angora cat...." (6) Tribbles have no features other than a mouth, usually hidden in their fur. They have no discernable teeth.

B. Martian Flat cats

According to a surviving record left by an amateur biologist and interplanetary traveler, Robert A. Heinlein, Martian flat cats "have a Latin name [not given in his source.] They have no discernable features, being merely a pie shaped mass of sleek red fur." (7) They also had three beady eyes that could be hidden in their fur. Although not directly mentioned, it is believed that Martian flat cats had no teeth.

3. Sounds Emitted

A. Tribbles

Astrobiologist Gerrold describes the sound emitted by tribbles as that of a high-pitched purr "with a soft cooing, like that of a [Terran] dove." (8) The sounds made by tribbles have also been described as similar to those emitted by Alpha Centurian anaurds. Tribbles produce a hiss, like that of an angry Terran cat or snake, when in the presence of Klingons. (9)

B. Martian Flat Cats

Heinlein states that Martian flat cats emit a purr ranging from a high pitched buzz to a low throbbing. (10)

4. Diet

A. Tribbles

Apparently, tribbles will eat any food suitable for humans. They are fond of quadrotriticale, "a high yield grain, a four lobed hybrid of wheat and rye....a perennial....The root grain, triticale, can trace its ancestry all the way back to Twentieth Century Canada...." (11) Astrobiologist Gerrold has reported that they are slow eaters. (12)

B. Martian Flat Cats

According to Heinlein, Martian flat cats eat any human food. (13) It may be assumed that they also ate native, pre-terraformed, Martian products. Their rate of consumption is unknown.

5. Reproduction

A. Tribbles

Tribbles reproduce very rapidly, "with an average litter of ten....[They are capable of] producing a new generation every twelve hours," (14) if removed "from their predator-filled environment into an environment in which their natural multiplicative proclivities...have no restraining factors." (15) (This was calculated by Commander Spock, of this ship.) Chief Medical Officer Leonard McCoy commented that tribbles "seem to be born pregnant." (16) He also discovered that "almost fifty per cent of the creature's metabolism is geared to reproduction." (17) Reproduction may be controlled by reducing the amount of food a tribble consumes. (18)

B. Martian Flat Cats

As reported by Heinlein, "Martian flat cats reproduce at an average rate of eight per litter every 64 days." (19) Their offspring are golden, only a couple of inches across and marbelized when contracted. (20) Their rate of reproduction is easily controlled by cutting down the quantity of food they consume. (21)

6. Environmental Adaptability

A. Tribbles

As the conditions on their planet of origin are not known, it is difficult to ascertain the environmental adaptability of tribbles. (An interview with Cyrano Jones, their importer, and a thorough study of his ship's log, may reveal more information.) It is known that tribbles reproduce successfully under environmental conditions suitable for humans and similar humanoids. (22)

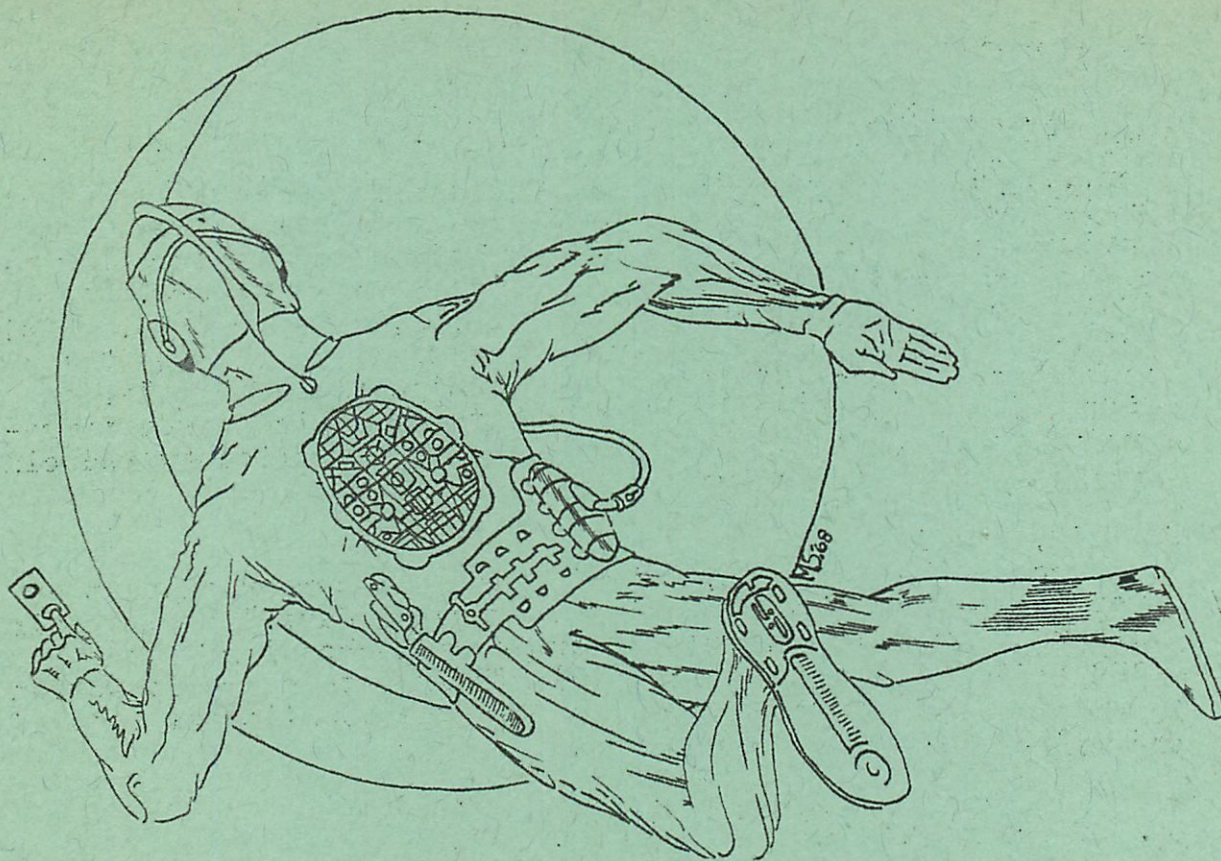
B. Martian Flat Cats

According to Heinlein, flat cats are able to adapt to environments ranging from pre-terraformed Mars (with an environment barely liveable for humans) to a nul gravity ship of the pre-warp days. (23)

7. Conclusions

Further study of tribbles is required. However, from this preliminary examination, it may be hypothesized that tribbles are mutated Martian flat cats. It is evident that many of their characteristics are the same, or very similar.

It seems possible that a deep-sleep colony ship (or one with a primitive warp drive) carrying one or more flat cats, might have wandered into Klingon space, and been attacked. Lacking modern defenses, this ship might easily have crashed on



a nearby planet, killing its passengers. The flat cats, with their high environmental adaptability, however, could have survived such a crash, and could have reproduced and mutated.

Although Martian flat cats had concealed eyes, they might have atrophied. This could explain their absence in tribbles.

Further investigation of the tribble's planet of origin is needed, to test this theory.

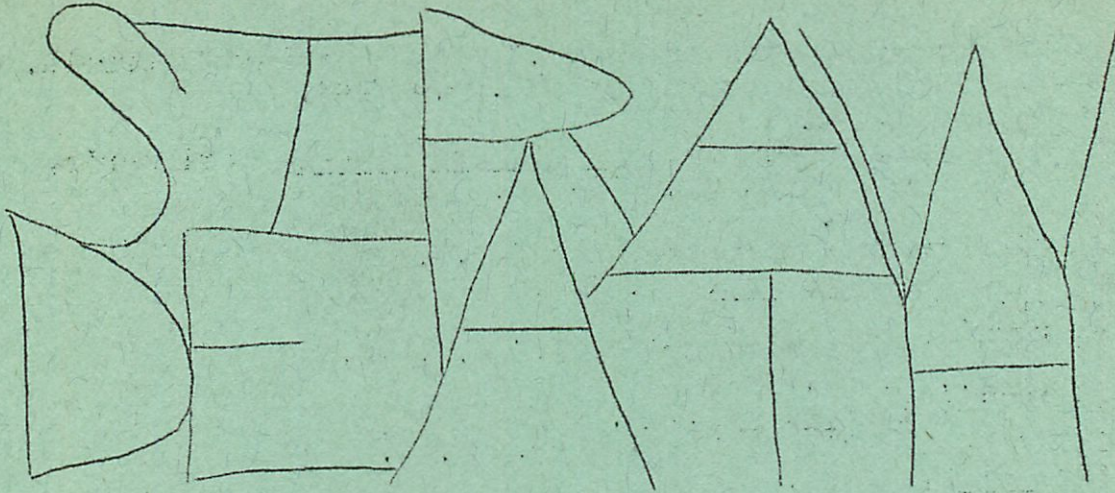
8. Recommendations and Conclusions

Further investigation and examination by astrobiologists and astrogeneticists is needed, as well as a thorough search of surviving records from the late Twentieth Century.

Tribbles can be used as Klingon detectors on Federation ships and in security areas. Tribbles may also serve as excellent pets PROVIDED precautions are taken to prevent their unrestricted breeding.

- (1) "The trouble with tribbles," script by David Gerrold.
Revised final draft, 8/1/67, p.44/44A.
- (2) Ibid., p. 29.
- (3) Heinlein, Robert A., The rolling Stones, Scribner's,
New York, 1952, pp. 242-250.
- (4) "Space seed."
- (5) "The trouble with tribbles," p.A.
- (6) Heinlein, op. cit., p. 167.
- (7) Ibid.
- (8) "The trouble with tribbles," p.B, 13.
- (9) Ibid., p. 29, 54-55.
- (10) Heinlein, op. cit., p. 166.
- (11) "The trouble with tribbles," p.7A.
- (12) Ibid., p. 16.
- (13) Heinlein, op. cit.
- (14) "The trouble with tribbles," p. 50.
- (15) Ibid., p. 42.
- (16) Ibid., p. 40.
- (17) Ibid., p. 26.
- (18) Ibid., p. 51.
- (19) Heinlein, op. cit.
- (20) Ibid., p. 210.
- (21) Ibid.
- (22) "The trouble with tribbles."
- (23) Heinlein, op. cit., pp. 209-210.





by Lee Burwasser

Silence stretched between the two men. Spock was never good at words. Kirk was never good at silences.

He glanced at the chessboard, a more ornate set than they'd had aboard ship. "Time for a game, d'you suppose?"

Spock began setting up. "Our last match was interrupted...." He tried to bite back the words as he heard them spoken. Too late.

"Perhaps it should be left that way." Unfinished, along with so many things, when the red alert sounded. McCoy had been kibitzing. He'd never witness the slaughter he had predicted; he never came out of the slaughter at Star Base Five. Had they any right to take it up again? A game between shipmates, and they were shipmates no longer.

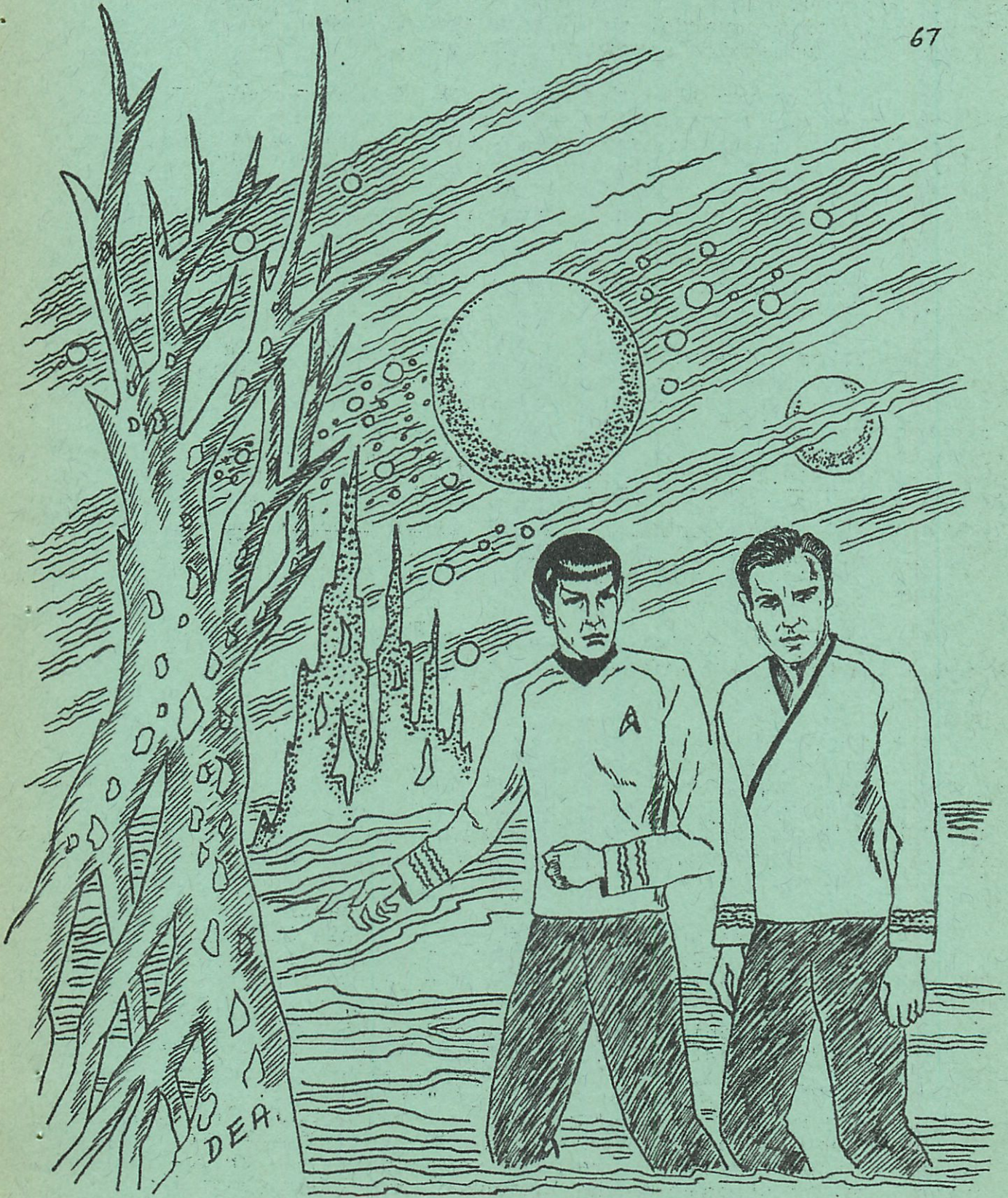
"You knew how it would be." Spock seemed to have read Kirk's train of thought.

"No. No, I didn't know. It could have been...otherwise. Only - it just ... wasn't."

"Captain...Jim...."

Kirk glanced down at his useless right arm. Should he have let them amputate? Replace it with a thing of metal and plastic? No prosthetic a man could hang on his shoulder could deliver the power of a flesh and bone arm. He was grounded for good; the bridge of a starship was no place for a one-armed man.

Symbolic, he thought wryly, and looked back to his other right arm, the one with the pointed ears. That one also bore the mark of that last terrible watch; the mark of the deadly



DEA.

mier shrapnel. Prompt attention had saved his sight. The seamed scar would mark him the rest of his life. It dragged his right eyebrow upwards, so that he always seemed to be contemplating something amusingly illogical.

Even as Kirk recalled the genesis of that now-unchangeable expression, it struck him suddenly with an acute attack of conscience. "I never even asked you if you wanted to come with me." A man at home between the stars, his only world a starship -- never ask if he cares to spend the rest of his life flying a desk. Just pull strings, pull all the strings within reach....

"One does not ask a Vulcan if he will follow his chosen leader."

"The...operative word, Mr. Spock, is 'chosen.' Some bureaucrat who knew me as a dossier and you as one of a list of serial numbers if he knew you at all...some faceless stamper of papers told you, 'Forget Pike; from now on be loyal to Kirk.'" And then, the merciless voice in his mind went on, he said, 'Forget Kirk.' Spock would do as much for him as he had for Pike. Not law nor death would stand in his way. But he was my man still, not Chris Pike's. Mutinous, insubordinate, he was my man. He dragged his thought away. "Hobsen's choice," he went on aloud, "is not choice at all."

"Even Hobsen's choice was real. If I recall correctly, a man could have the horse nearest the stable door, or no horse at all."

The Vulcan had taken refuge in his accustomed role. Kirk's face must have betrayed the pain of this further reminder of what had been; Spock looked away. That permanently quirked eyebrow was going to give him trouble, a corner of Kirk's mind noted. Even when his face was an immobile mask, even while his eyes betrayed his own tearing grief, it made him look distant, ironical, faintly amused.

"Jim." The voice was quiet and level as ever, but it trembled at the edges. "Jim. Some -- bureaucrat, some faceless stamper of papers...can send me to this ship, or to that. Can put me under the command of this man, or of that. He cannot...I can serve -- serve loyally and well -- without ...bestowing myself. Hobsen's choice is real, Jim, and I... have chosen. Kierchira." He pronounced it with a Germanic soft 'ch.' "Untranslatable. Call it -- a symbiosis." Here he might withdraw, so to speak; return to the Science Officer, expounding on a piece of information. "It is difficult to explain to a nontelepath. One might compare it to your romantic love, as opposed to the 'arranged' marriages found in

non-Western cultures. Except that no one would think to call formal loyalty a poor substitute for kierchira. Formal loyalty is the norm: kierchira is -- a gift. Chosen, did I say. No. Once does not choose kierchira. It comes where it will. It came here. Not you nor I nor any stamper of papers could have brought it, nor barred its way."

Kirk despised his feeling just then. It was petty and unkind to be pleased at such selfbetrayal as his words had cost Spock, and yet.... He grasped the Vulcan's shoulder, trying to reach him without destroying what dignity was left to them.

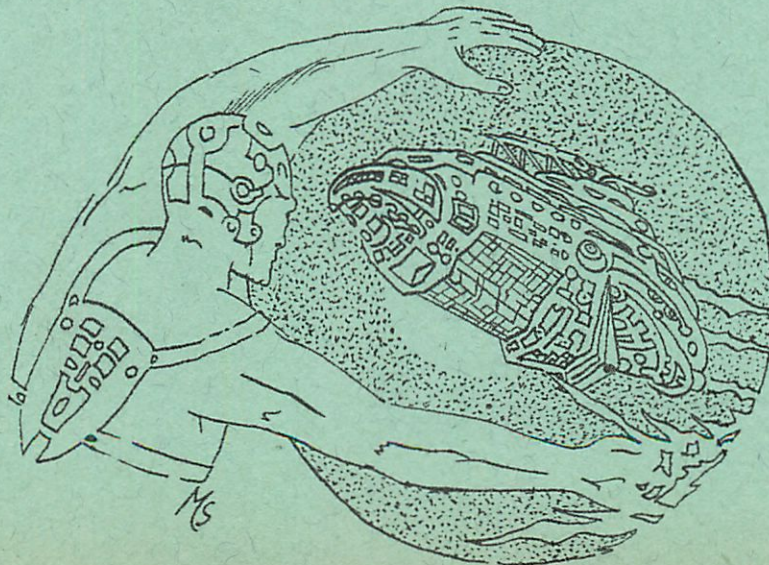
"Spock...." What am I, now? Will you at least remember? Cast adrift once more, Spock on the Enterprise, Kirk here at Star Base, McCoy...McCoy wherever a gallant death conveys a man. His fingers tightened convulsively.

"It could not last forever." Kirk realized he must have spoken his last thought aloud. "By their nature, such treasures are as transitory as they are rare. To find kierchira once is a minor miracle. To find it twice...let us call it impossible. I cannot calculate the odds. To very few men is it given to be such a team as we three have been."

Telepathy, or a decade of reserved -- though real -- intimacy? Spock had laid the ghost of Kirk's nightmare without ever admitting it. There was no more to be said. Or if there was, it would go forever unsaid. As the game, forever unplayed....

"Carry on, Captain."

"Good day, Admiral. Good-bye."



VULCAN GRAPPIVI

By various anonymous contributors who attended the STAR TREK Conference

and Open ESFA Meeting on March 1-2, 1969.

KIRK CHEATS AT KAL-IF-FEE

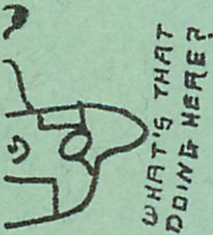
7 Years is too damn long!
T'PAU IS A CROCHETY OLD MATRIARCH

MY STRENGTH IS AS THE STRENGTH OF 9 1/2, BECAUSE MY HEART IS PURE, EXCEPT EVERY 7TH YEAR.



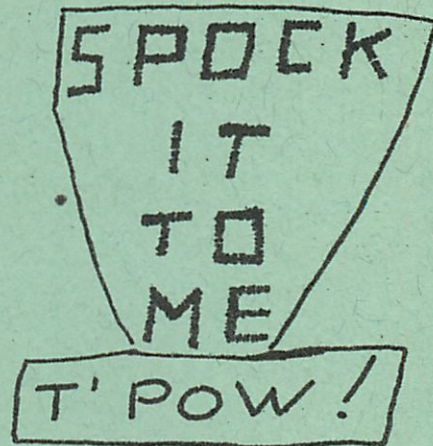
HYBRID

Did you hear about the new method of suicide?
Lover's Litpa



WHAT'S THAT DOING HERE?

Amanda has hot fingers a real red-hot blood, huh?



motto: A Punch In Jume Killo Nune!

PO - NOT LAPPAR (Koon - NOT LAPPAR) KAL-IF-FEE

Spock shares minds with his nurse.

What does he get from that?

Dizzy!

THEY HAVE NO EFFECT ON ME ZZZZZZZZZ
Lover the age of mind look

motto: I love Paris in the springtime

ENVIRONMENTAL SURPRISE GRAFFITI

From the
Graffiti
Wall

VISIT BEAUTIFUL
UPTOWN STRATUS

Stratus Seeker
McCoy pushes
stochaline

McCoy pushes
stochaline

X5X5 IS A
MONGREL

WILL YOU PEOPLE STOP
WRITING ON THE WALLS
WITH INDELIBLE
MARKERS?

Can we type on
the walls
with indelible
type
marker?

DECK 6 MAINTENANCE

Say pretty please

You mean Chapel?

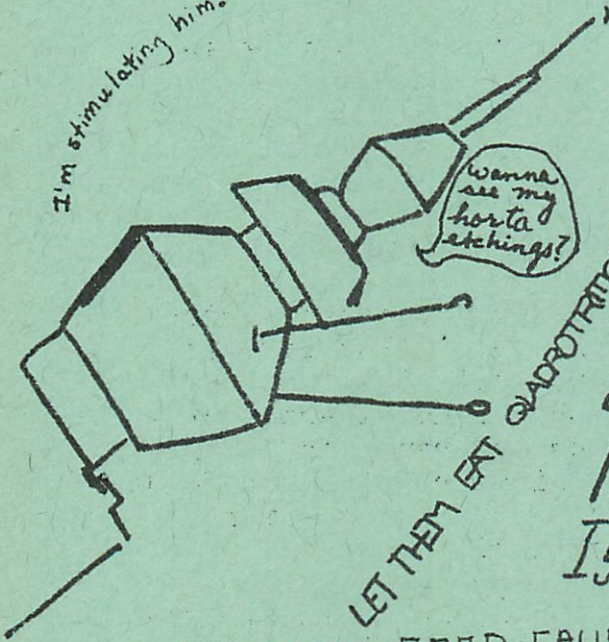
BONES USES LEECHES



MEXICAN
HAIRLESS
TRIBBLE

Don't worry, Scotty - Klingons think garbage

I'm stimulating him.



CAPTAIN
KIRKS
SWEETHEART

LET THEM EAT
GADROTTRICALE

SPOCK
PETS
ISIS

SYNTHETIC FOOD CAUSES
IDIOTRY IN STARSHIP -
CREWMAN... and you're a lunny
example!



Dr. McCoy Sews Cloth Like People.

I love
Chekov

Wanted - some-
one who knows
whose handwriting
that is!

- P.C.

Are You Mar-
ried, Dr.
McCoy
?

by Sandra Miesel

To: Lt. Commander Leonard McCoy, M.D., Chief Medical Officer,
U.S.S. Enterprise

From: Commander Stantislav Orlovski, Director Bureau of
Records, Starbase 10

Stardate 2611.1

During the U.S.S. Enterprise's recent maintenance stop at Starbase 10, routine scanning of the ship's log revealed a serious discrepancy between your personnel file and the log's account of your experiences on the planetoid-spacecraft Unada (1) (S.D. 2582.3). The log makes reference to a purported "marriage" between you and the High-Priestess of Unada although personnel records continue to list you as divorced. Are you married, Dr. McCoy, or are you not?

I must remind you that meticulous record-keeping is the very life blood of Starfleet. Errors cannot be tolerated. Our records are accurate and they must remain so. I am assigning one of our top investigators to this case. You will be hearing from her shortly.

(copy to Captain James T. Kirk, U.S.S. Enterprise)

To: Lt. Commander Leonard McCoy, M.D., Chief Medical Officer,
U.S.S. Enterprise

From: Lt. Michiko Kyo, Bureau of Records, Starbase 10

Stardate 2611.2

Commander Orlowski has directed me to make inquiries concerning the possible validity of your marriage on the planetoid-spacecraft Unada (S.D. 2581.2). Available transcripts of the U.S.S. Enterprise's log are insufficient to establish the legal status of this union. Kindly forward affidavits certifying your seriousness of intention and freedom from coercion (general form #113.638). (2) Testimony of witnesses (if any) to the ceremony (if any) must also be secured. A prompt reply is imperative. I must caution you that the Uniform Code of Military Justice provides serious penalties for deliberate falsification of official records. Ignorance of the law is no defense. I expect a speedy rectification of this matter.

To: Lt. Commander Leonard McCoy, M.D., Chief Medical Officer,
U.S.S. Enterprise

From: Lt. Michiko Kyo, Bureau of Records, Starbase 10

Stardate 2613.5

I regret to inform you that a transcript from the Unadan "Oracle" computer would not be accepted as evidence of your marriage. U.S.S. Enterprise records distinctly mention severe mal-functions in the alien device. Therefore we cannot give full and unquestioning credence to any of its records. Testimony of yourself and the High-Priestess Natira under psychprobe would be an acceptable alternative.

To: Lt. Commander Leonard McCoy, M.D., Chief Medical Officer,
U.S.S. Enterprise

From: Lt. Michiko Kyo, Bureau of Records, Starbase 10

Stardate 2614.7

The sarcastic language exhibited in your last communication will scarcely advance your cause. An investigator of this Bureau enjoys considerable discretionary powers. You would do well to remember this and adjust your responses accordingly. I fail to see how subjection to psychprobe constitutes an intolerable indignity. The Lady Natira's status as head of a sovereign state in no way exempts either her or you from normal observance of Starfleet regulations. All regulations will be strictly enforced. But Starfleet has always



been justly proud of its even-handed and unswerving justice and in view of the High-Priestess' present unavailability, your testimony will have to suffice.

Since you yourself have raised the point of her position as ruler of Unada, I must inquire what are the functions (if any) of the High-Priestess' consort? Surely you must realize that Starfleet personnel are strictly prohibited from participating in any civilian government.

To: Lt. Commander Leonard McCoy, M.D., Chief Medical Officer,
U.S.S. Enterprise

From: Lt. Michiko Kyo, Bureau of Records, Starbase 10

Stardate 2616.8

Thank you for so vividly satisfying my curiosity on the functions of the Unadan ruler's consort. The private role you describe is, of course, permissible.

Exhaustive re-examination of U.S.S. Enterprise records in our data banks fails to disclose any Permission to Marry Request (form 36.716e) entered in your name. If you prepared one, kindly explain its absence from the records. If you did not, why was this essential precondition to matrimony omitted? The most recent edition of the Starfleet Regulations Handbook (S.D. 2400.1), chapter 11, Section 94, paragraph 27, states that "...all personnel must secure written permission from the commanding officer of their installation prior to contracting marriage...." The minimum penalty provided is Starfleet's refusal to recognize an unsanctioned marriage. Please clarify immediately.



To: Lt. Commander Leonard McCoy, M.D., Chief Medical Officer,
U.S.S. Enterprise

From: Lt. Michiko Kyo, Bureau of Records, Starbase 10

Stardate 2619.5

After due consultations with my superiors and members of the Judge Advocate Corps, I have concluded that Captain Kirk's verbal permission satisfies the legal intent of the regulation in question (S.R.H., chapt. 11, sec. 94, par.27), since Captain Kirk in his communication of S.D. 2618.1 strongly emphasizes the urgency of the unique situation encountered on Unada. We of the Bureau are not so inflexible as you seem to imagine.

Nevertheless in the interests of a truly complete record, please prepare a Permission to Marry Request (form 36.716e) for Captain Kirk's signature. Enter it in your file and transmit a copy to us.

Furthermore, in order for the Lady Natira to qualify for Starfleet dependent benefits (viz.: allotment, medical-dental care, child support, and pension) complete the following forms: #63.720a, #63.721a, #63.722a, #63.724a. These privileges will take effect as soon as standard retinal pattern, voice-print, and fingerprint data is registered so that we can issue the Lady Natira a Dependent Identification Card.

When these forms have been transmitted to us, your file will be complete. I will then forward it to my superior for final deposition. I am sure you will act upon this final request with your usual promptness.

To: Lt. Commander Leonard McCoy, M.D., Chief Medical Officer,
U.S.S. Enterprise

From: Lt. Michiko Kyo, Bureau of Records, Starbase 10

Stardate 2622.8

This message is to acknowledge receipt of your dependency data forms and to inform you of a most unfortunate complication. Commander Orlowski has regretfully pointed out that all the information gathered to date is valueless. The People of Unada are not members of the United Federation of Planets, nor do they enjoy any formal diplomatic relations with us. Even if you had attempted marriage with a Romulan or Klingon female, the situation would be more readily resolvable. If you still wish to regularize your liaison with the Lady Natira, you must present a complete and exhaustive ethnographic sur-

vey of the People of Unada.

The Bureau's decision must seem unduly harsh to you, but painful experience shows our regulations to be in the best interests of all concerned.

To: Lt. Commander Leonard McCoy, M.D., Chief Medical Officer,
U.S.S. Enterprise

From: Lt. Michiko Kyo, Bureau of Records, Starbase 10

Stardate 2625.9

Really, sir, the intemperate language of your last communication was unworthy of a Starfleet Officer! I implied no personal moral judgment of your situation vis a vis the Lady Natira by describing it in technical terms. I merely enforce regulations. I do not create them "out of hard vacuum" as you put it. Had you been prudent enough to heed the Handbook from the beginning of this affair, you would have avoided your present difficulties.

I assure you I am just as anxious to see this interminable case concluded as you are. A backlog of other work has been accumulating on my desk at an alarming rate.

To: Lt. Commander Leonard McCoy, M.D., Chief Medical Officer,
U.S.S. Enterprise

From: Lt. Michiko Kyo, Bureau of Records, Starbase 10

Stardate 2670.2

We are in receipt of an Ombudsman petition, promulgated by Commander Spock and signed by an ambassador to the Federation Council. It is an example of procedural correctness, sir, which you would do well to study. It affirms that your second marriage was annulled by the entity which first pronounced it, viz. the Unadan computer. The petition requests that your records so show, and that no further inquiry be made. To our great relief, the petition is fully in order, and we are able to grant it.

You are hereby notified that your inexplicable behavior in withholding the fact of the annulment, thereby compounding the difficult task of maintaining Starfleet records, is being examined, and a notation of uncooperativeness may be entered on your record.



Intraship memo: Dr. McCoy to Mr. Spock

Stardate 2670.3

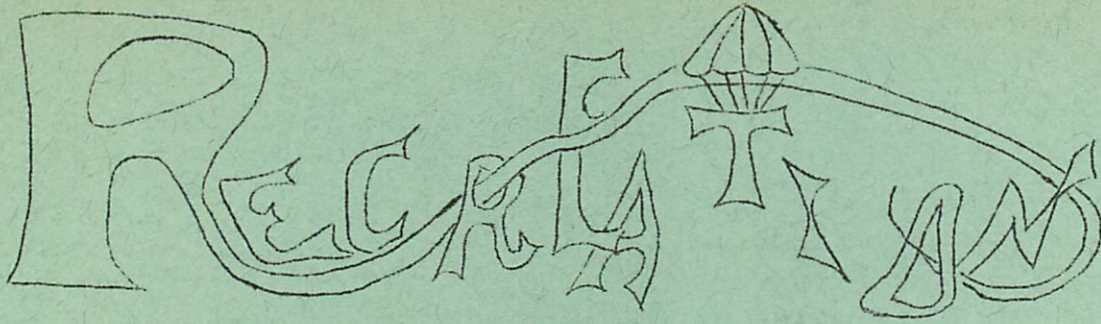
Thanks for your help with the red tape -- where were you when I started drowning in paperwork? Now would you mind helping me handle their investigation of the annulment? (see enclosed) How do I explain: a) I didn't realize that removing our links with the Unadan computer constituted an annulment, b) I didn't know what that blasted device agreed to while you were wading through its innards (for how many hours after I returned to the Enterprise??) c) that you never mentioned you were preparing the Ombudsman petition in the first place?

Any bright Vulcan ideas on explaining this mess to a) Natira, b) my daughter? And finally, what makes you so sure I don't want to be married?

* * * * *

- (1) "For the world is hollow and I have touched the sky"
- (2) Masters of all forms necessary to conduct Starfleet and Federation business are stored in the Enterprise's computers. Completed forms (like other visual and verbal data) are programmed into the computer, scrambled, and broadcast via subspace, not mailed! During maintenance layovers, contents of the ship's logs and other documents are copied into Starbase memory banks for permanent storage.

 "Why a Vulcan? Ask the girl who owns one!" - A.G.



by Ruth Berman

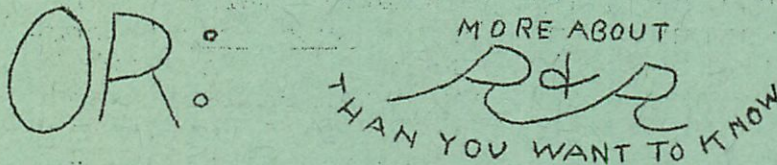
The Enterprise necessarily has wide recreational facilities. Some crew members have simple tastes. Engineer Scott likes to spend his free time reading technical manuals (1) and took a confinement to quarters as a welcome chance to relax and read. (2) McCoy likes to spend his rare free hours drinking. (3) But there are more than 400 crewmen, and they're not all that easy to please. Sulu, for example, is a fanatic



hobbyist who changes hobbies every week, (4) moving from botany (5) to fencing (6) to antique firm-arms. (7)

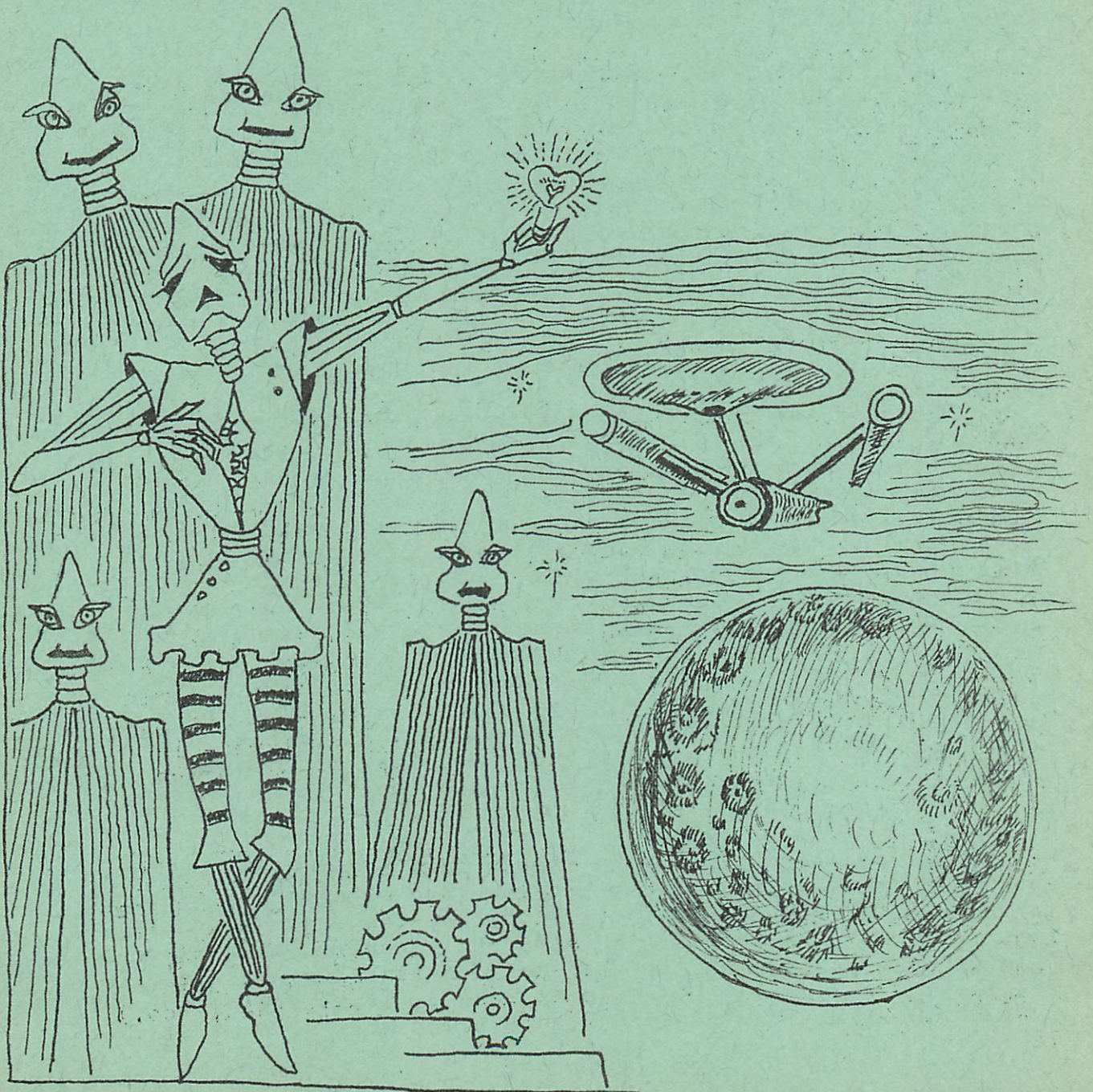
The ship includes a gymnasium with instructors in athletics, such as Sam (8), a vast library (Gary Mitchell read Spinoza and "Nightingale Woman," a dreadful poem out of the most passionate sonnet sequence written in the past couple hundred years -- which just goes to show what sonnet sequences have come to) (9), and a sort of iminature hanging gardens, (10) as well as recreation halls.

Amateur artistry is encouraged. Lieutenant Marla McGivers



(11) painted, mostly hero-portraits (they looked pretty dull.) Uhura sings, and her singing is much in demand as a pleasure to others (12) as well as a private amusement. Of course, Nomad didn't like her singing (13), but Nomad had problems. Scott has a bagpipe on the wall in his room, though it is not

known if he actually plays it. Possibly the mechanics of sound-proofing have been improved enough for him to do so without disturbing others, although in a battle between the pipes and acoustical engineers, I'd be inclined to bet on the pipes. Piping demands a high degree of training, so it is more likely that Scotty's pipes are only decoration. Both Spock and Uhura play a harp-like instrument, although there is the possibility that different instruments are involved. The instrument Spock plays is referred to as a Vulcan lyre. It is not clear from context whether this is a descriptive way of referring to it, or an actual name (you could say -- whether it's a Vulcan



lyre or the Vulcan Lyre.) Various non-authoritative articles (14) have referred to the instrument as a lytherette. Most probably, both names are correct, simply representing alternate ways of referring to something in English where the original name is too difficult for outsiders to pronounce easily. A third descriptive name sometimes found is also very likely correct, the Vulcan harp (which I find to be the most euphonious name, and so prefer.)

Spock rarely unbends enough to join in banter, but Uhura is one of the few people he trusts that far. For example, he has occasionally accompanied her on the Vulcan harp while she sang teasing songs about various people -- including Spock. (15) It was obvious from Spock's expression that he thoroughly enjoyed the game.

Presumably tapes of professional work in the arts are available through the library, but the occasional chance to see something live -- such as the Karidian troop's performance of Hamlet -- draws a large audience. (16) Both Kirk and Spock have small sculptures in their quarters, and very likely many other members of the crew enjoy collecting works of art in a small way (necessarily small -- their quarters don't have room for indulging much of a collector's mania.) McCoy wears an antique ring which he found on one of their expeditions. (17)

Various sports can be played in the gym, but the most popular game aboard ship seems to be a type of three-dimensional chess in which the 64 squares of a regular board are broken into three boards of 16 squares each and four sub-boards (two at opposite corners of the lowest main board and two at the corresponding corners of the middle board) of 4 squares each. (18) While confined in the Federation Asylum for the Uncurably Criminally Insane, Kirk used two moves of a gambit as a sign and counter-sign, "Queen to Queen's Level Three," answered by "Queen to King's Level One." Presumably the sub-boards are the levels referred to, and possibly a piece on its own level has special powers. Nothing else (so far) is known of the game, but both Kirk and Spock are expert players. Spock is technically better, but Kirk tends to win by psyching him out. The computer normally plays a good game of chess, too. (19) A simpler game is a form of three-dimensional checkers in which four stems each hold three boards of four squares each.

Charlie Evans interrupted a card game of some sort with his "card tricks," and Kirk and McCoy have recommended poker to Spock (20). There is also, of course, the unusual and fascinating card game of Fizzbin (21), but it presumably exists only in Kirk's fertile imagination (cf the affair with Balok and the missionary in China who in real life was a plastic surgeon -- I bet the Vulcan death grip was Kirk's idea, too.) (22)

In addition to the shipboard facilities, the Enterprise occasionally goes into orbit around a suitable planet for shore leave, at which times the preferred amusements -- aside from Uhura's going shopping (23) -- seem to be sex (24) and drink. (25) These choices suggest a vein of traditionalism in Star Fleet, as plenty of both seem to be available on board. Drs. Boyce and McCoy prescribed good liquor for tension to their respective captains. (26) and Scotty had an arsenal of the stuff ready to use against the Klevan Tomar. (27) As for sex, we'll probably never know for sure, but the ship is on a five-year mission, and the crew is composed of men and women, and they are (most of them) human. Kirk may feel it his duty to be above such things (as he has mentioned mournfully) in order to preserve his authority as captain (28), but that restriction would not apply to the others. We have seen only one couple (29) who intended to get married.



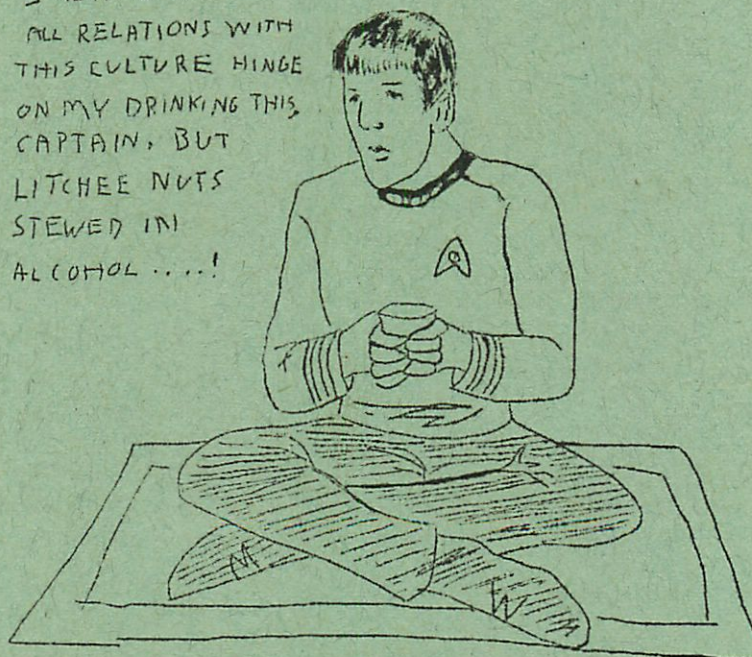
There are always, of course, the games-people-play games. A favorite game of this type is a variety of the put-on. You exaggerate one of your own natural idiosyncrasies while your victim (A) stands there feeling superior until he realizes he's being had, or (B) feels uncomfortable straight through wondering if he's being had. Kirk impartially helps McCoy bug Spock (the I'll-force-you-to-show-emotions shtick) or Spock McCoy (I-have-no-emotions), both cases usually being type A. Chekov goes in for type B with his exaggerated claim to believing that all good comes out of Russia (Moscow in particular.) As practised on the Enterprise, it is a harmless game, relieving tensions and aggressions while proving to the participants that they trust each other enough to be sure that the attack will not be driven too far or taken too seriously. Occasionally the game does go too far, as when Spock reacted with "I was happy" to teasing about Omicron Ceti III, (30) but the players know enough to shut up on such occasions.

(1) Writers guide.

(2) "The trouble with tribbles"

- (3) "~~The conscience of the king~~"
- (4) Writers guide,
- (5) "The man trap"
- (6) "Naked time"
- (7) "Shore leave"
- (8) "Charlie X"
- (9) "Where no man has gone before"
- (10) "Is there in truth no beauty?"
- (11) "Space seed"
- (12) As in "Conscience of the king"
- (13) "The changeling"
- (14) Such as one in Ebony (vol. 22, no. 3, January 1967), which showed a photo of Lt. Uhura playing it.
- (15) "Charlie X"
- (16) "The conscience of the king"
- (17) Personal information from a student of his career, De Forest Kelley.
- (18) "Whom gods destroy"
- (19) "Court martial"
- (20) "The corbomite maneuver"
- (21) "A piece of the action"
- (22) "The corbomite maneuver," "City on the edge of forever," "The Enterprise incident"
- (23) "The trouble with tribbles"
- (24) "Shore leave," "Wolf in the fold"
- (25) "Wolf in the fold," "The trouble with tribbles"
- (26) To Pike in "Menagerie" and to Kirk in "Ultimate computer"
- (27) "By any other name"
- (28) "Miri" and "Naked time"
- (29) "Balance of terror"
- (30) "This side of paradise"

I REALIZE THAT
ALL RELATIONS WITH
THIS CULTURE HINGE
ON MY DRINKING THIS
CAPTAIN, BUT
LITCHEE NUTS
STEWED IN
ALCOHOL.....!



MRO

CAVE-IN

by Jane Peyton

.The ideas expressed herein are those of the respective characters. I, obviously, have little to do with any such notions they might get. Jane Peyton

It's very hot in here.

Not hot enough.

Oh. I forgot.

Understandable.

No, I should remember.

Why?
You owe me nothing.

I should remember:
Your world is hotter.
I owe you that, at least.

Niceties will not change
the way things are.

No?
Perhaps they are all that will:
The little things.

Minutia.
Indeed.
You see aspects of me well.

I know your weaknesses and your strengths.
They appear to be the same.

That is illogical.

Perhaps,
But true, nonetheless.

You are like the rest,
Attempting to tell me
that my humanity is my strength.
It is not.

Spock, can't you see?

See what?
What is there to see
that I do not already perceive?
You and your kind credit me with
little more intellect than a rotifer.
Disgusting.

"Disgusting."
A term of emotion.

Naturally.
I am using your
language.

You're annoyed.

I am incapable of
being annoyed.

Do you know what I think?
Do you think?

You're an experiment.
I beg your pardon.

You are a hybrid:
the son of an ambassador.
The AMBASSADOR OF ALL VULCAN
was allowed to have a son
like you.
Is that not odd?

I might express
the same incre-
dibility over your
conception.



They hoped you would be like you are:
 Partially emotional.
 Guided by logic,
 but yet susceptible to emotion.

Flatly illogical.

Oh?

To what one factor does your father
 contribute his greatest margin of error?

The . . . emotionality
 of those with whom he deals.

And is that not because he cannot completely
 comprehend such emotionality?

I will concede as much.
 So?

You are a better model
You can comprehend.

No.

You refuse to see the logic of what I've said.

There is no logic to see.

True enough,
 They probably didn't expect
 you'd be so maladjusted.

I am not maladjusted.

Understandable, of course.
 Simply that margin of error taking its toll.

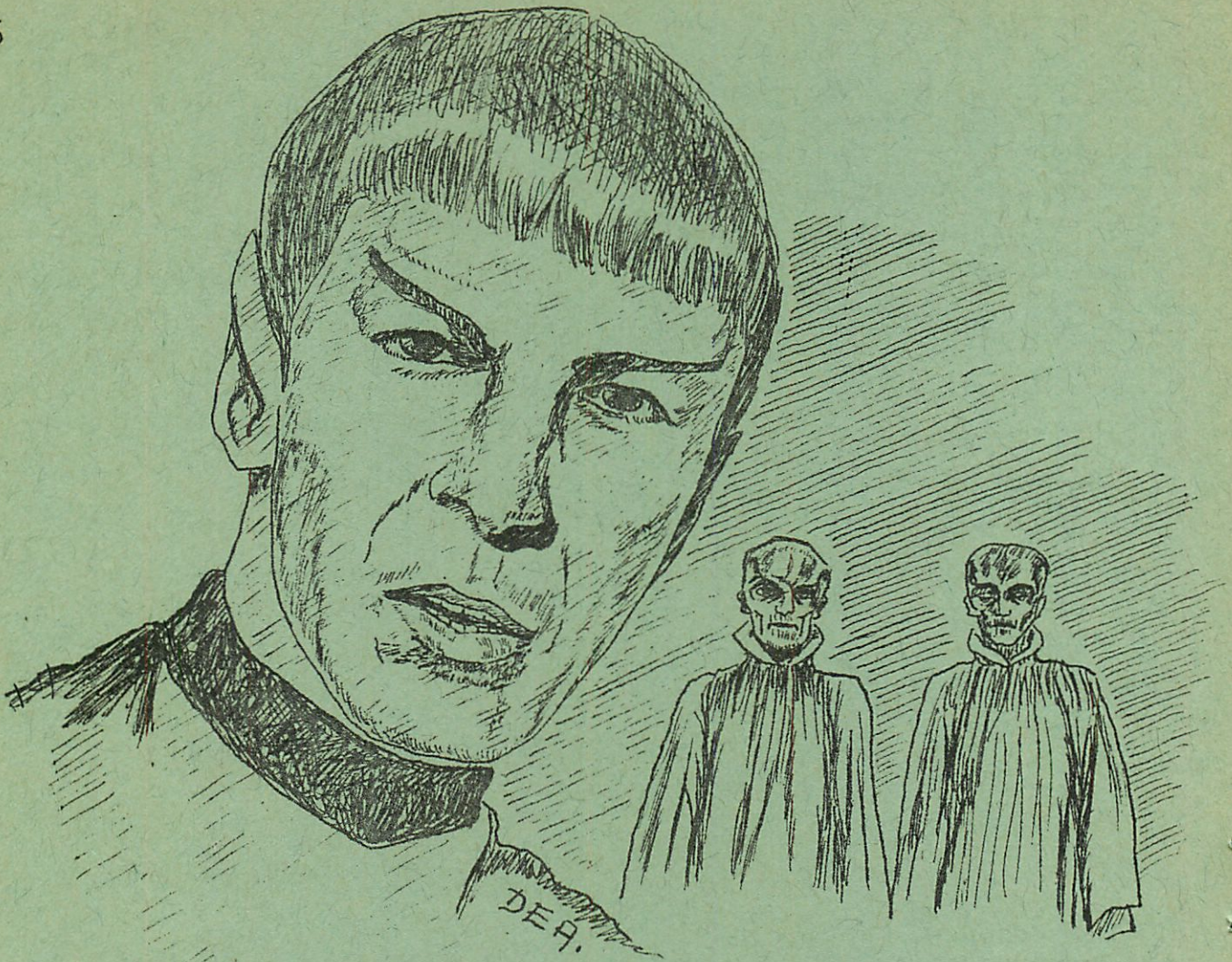
I am not an experiment.
 It would not be allowed.

No?

Haven't you ever wondered
 why you were allowed to be born?
 Do you think they didn't know
 you'd be part-human?

My human factors are simply
 random chance.

Are they?
 Then why were you reared by your Earth mother?
 Why was she allowed to "contaminate" you?



Do you think Sarek did not know his own wife?
 He knew she'd try to make you human.
 They wanted it that way.

You are fantasizing.

You are evading the issue
 by resorting to labels.

The mind instinctively categorizes.
 I evade nothing.

But yet it's never occurred to you
 why you're part human.
 Haven't you avoided asking yourself
 that question?

I do not question what already is.

You don't question "Fate," eh?
 This wasn't Fate.
 It was planned.

I concede planning.
I do not, however,
concede purposeful ego
destruction.

Construction, Spock.

Not destruction.

They hoped you would be a more viable specimen.

Vulcans are extremely viable.
I see no logic to your proposal.

You are a stubborn man.

Admittedly.

I'm sorry we're in this mess.

It is equally my fault.

No. I fouled the system.

If I hadn't,

we wouldn't have beamed down here,
wouldn't have got caught in this cave-in,
and we wouldn't be wasting our air arguing.

They will find us.

I concede the possibility.

There are always possibilities.

I am sorry you dislike me.
Poor company doesn't enhance
equally poor situations.

I do not dislike you.
However...I will concede a cer-
tain amount of friction.

I would've been disappointed
if you hadn't noticed.

I am not surprised.

I've concede error
and personal deficiency to you.
What else do I have to do?

Remain silent.

Just making small talk.
Sorry if I made you think.

Thinking is one thing no one can
prevent me from indulging in.
You, least of all.

Well.
Back to safe subjects.

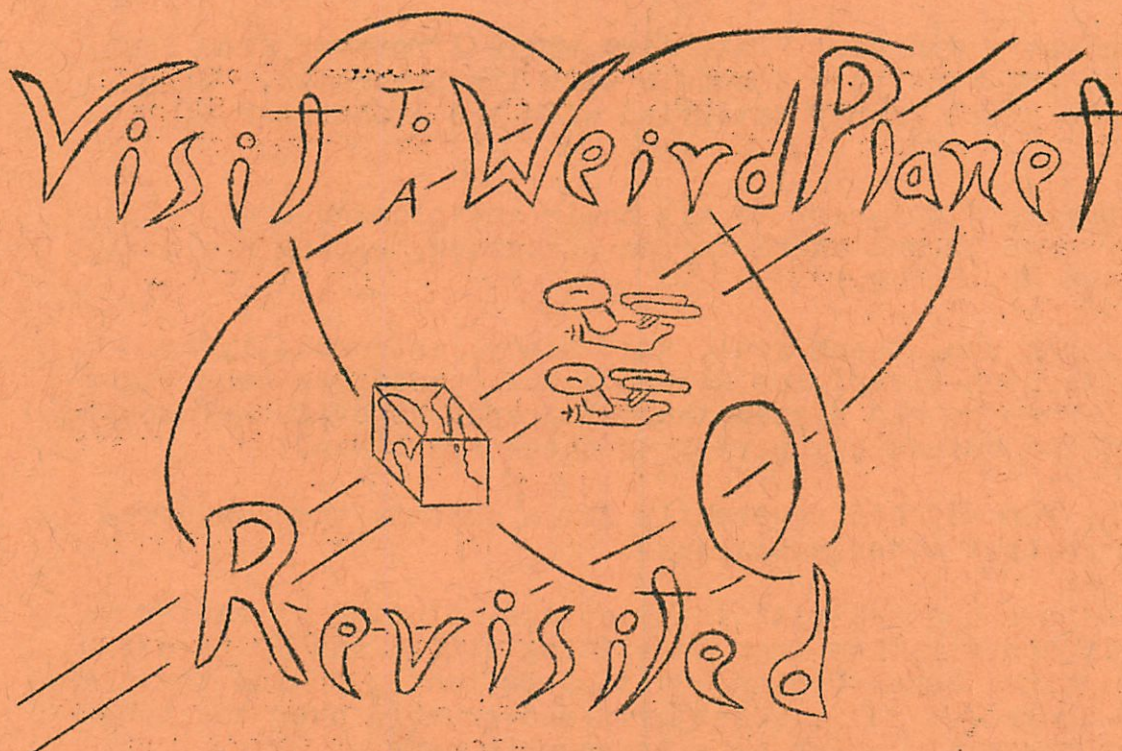
If you insist.

Hot in here, isn't it?

Hotter than you know.



ASHERMAN '69



by Ruth Berman

The director counted off seconds to himself while his actors stood transfixed on the transporter platform in attitudes of heroic attentiveness. "Action," McEveety said.

William Shatner stepped forward briskly, and the camera panned around to follow him. His foot slipped, and he stepped down with a thunk-thud!

"Cut. Oh, God," said McEveety. It was becoming more a genuine prayer than a simple curse by now.

Shooting had not gone well that day, and, on top of everything else, he had a small herd -- or horde -- he wasn't sure which word fit better -- of visitors. Normally he'd have thrown them out, but they were high-up something-or-others, and he always felt hesitant about telling the producer to take his guests and get out.

"Sorry about that," said Shatner.

"Well, it wasn't your fault," sighed McEveety.

"The blame's a foot," said Shatner solemnly, then chortled at his own joke.

McEveety winced. "Take five while I recover from that," he said, and went into a huddle with the cameraman. Slips aside, he still wasn't satisfied with the smoothness of the pan.

Leonard Nimoy went to his chair and plunked down. One visitor came up and asked for an autograph, saying how much she liked Mr. Spock.

"Thank you, thank you!" said Nimoy, as cordially as late-afternoon-sleepiness allowed, and pumped her hand vigorously. When he had signed the autograph, however, he excused himself and opened his script to check his lines.

The fan watched reverently for a moment, then wandered off to request other autographs.

Shatner chatted with the visitors, finding it easier to relax in conversation than in sitting still; and De Forest Kelley joined James Doohan (waiting patiently behind the transporter controls) for a quiet grip-and-grumble over the odds against their finishing at a reasonable hour.

After a few minutes, they were called back to the transporter, and dutifully stiffened themselves into the "beaming" pose. The clapboard slammed, McEveety counted the seconds needed to cover the special effect, and said hopefully, "Action!"

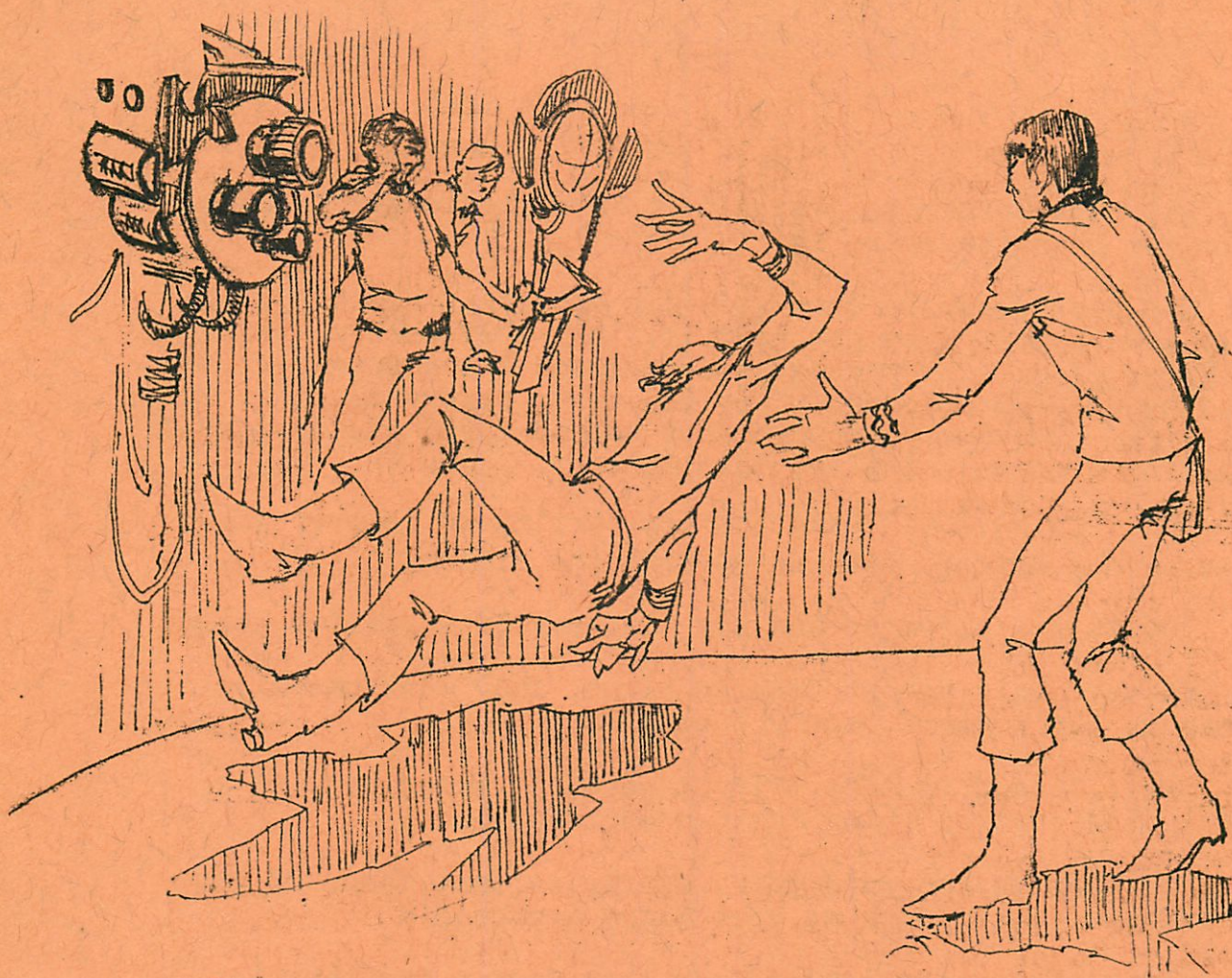
But the hope that this take would go right was promptly spoiled. For a moment the actors wondered if they were fainting; there were spots before their eyes, and they felt dizzy, as if they had been kneeling and stood up too quickly. But their vision cleared, and they were still standing on the transporter platform. Shatner, hoping to salvage the take, stepped forward and said authoritatively, "Scotty, get a report on that power source and meet me in the briefing room."

"Power source, Captain?" said the man behind the panel in a tone of utter bewilderment.

"There goes the take," muttered Nimoy disgustedly. "What's the matter with you, Jimmy?"

"The Captain's all right, to all appearances, but, begging your pardon, Mr. Spock, are you?"

Nimoy suddenly noticed that they were in a room with four walls and a ceiling, and with no camera or lights around (except for normal room lighting, apparently coming out of concealed ceiling panels.) Nimoy dropped characterization and broke into a wide grin as he looked around. "Beautiful!"



he said, "Whose idea was this? Justman's? This mock-up must have cost a mint. How'd you get us here?"

"I...I think there's something wrong," said Kelley.

"Aye, Doctor, there is that, seemingly."

"How about dropping the accent?" said Nimoy.

"Mr. Spock!" Lieutenant-Commander Montgomery Scott blazed with righteous indignation.

Kelley spoke quickly. "Captain, will you give me a hand getting him to sickbay?"

Shatner nodded, and they each took one of Nimoy's arms, prepared to hustle him out into the corridor. By this time, however, he, too, had counted up the costs of scene-design and construction. James Doohan could have gone on improvising in the tones of outraged Scottishness all day without break-

ing, but Matt Jefferies just didn't have the budget to have built the room they were in.

The door swooshed open at their approach, and all three knew, even before they got past it, that they were on board the Enterprise. The pneumatic door-sound was supposed to be added by Glen-Glen Sound. They had never before heard it in real life. The door swooshed shut behind them, and they stood still for a moment, feeling totally lost.

"Nice going, De," said Shatner, trying to recover some poise. "Now how the hell do we find the sickbay?"

"Go to the elevator and say 'Sickbay'?" suggested Kelley.

"Yeah," said Nimoy, "that's right, they work on voice commands, don't they? Sorry I blew it."

"Well," said Shatner, "if it weren't impossible, it's exactly the sort of thing Justman would pull."

"Sort of thing you'd pull, as far as that goes, if you thought you could break me up," Nimoy grumbled.

The elevator obediently took them down a few levels. Fortunately, they found the sickbay a few doors away, saving them the embarrassment of being caught reading the labels beside the doors. Kelley shivered at the sight of the familiar room. He picked up a diagnostic instrument. It looked just like its counterpart, but it was heavier than the salt shaker. He cocked it experimentally at Nimoy. It promptly emitted a quavering whistle, and he dropped it.

Shatner and Nimoy burst out laughing.

The tension eased a little.

"Well, it's, you know, spooky," Kelley complained, restoring the instrument to its place in what he had always thought of as a glorified medicine cabinet.

"You mean Spocky," said Shatner.

"Wait'll we get on the bridge, and see how you feel," said Kelley, ignoring the pun. "Say, Leonard, tell me what goes on in that viewer of yours, okay?"

"We're not going to pretend we really are those guys, are we?" said Nimoy.

"Why not?" said Shatner wickedly. "No, you're right," he said, thinking better of it. "Scotty would be the senior officer, wouldn't he? Let's go back and -- "

Something buzzed.

It took Shatner a moment to identify it as the sound effect -- no, the sound -- of the intercom. He stepped to the table and flicked the intercom switch with the nonchalance of long practice. "Kirk here," he said to the face that appeared on the screen.

"Captain, we're under attack," said Sulu.

"On my way," said Shatner, and switched off the intercom. He stood, wondering what he was waiting for, and realized it was a director to say Cut. He looked helplessly at the others and shrugged. They headed for the door together.

The elevator took them to the bridge on their command. Shatner was startled by the size of the bridge. It took him several steps to get to his chair, not the few he was used to. It seemed strange to sit down and stare at a main view screen with a picture already on it. It showed a typical view of stars-and-planet. The planet showed flat black -- they were over the night side. There were no larger lights that might be moons or other planets. Shatner found the loneliness of the dull-black-on-deep-black view depressing.

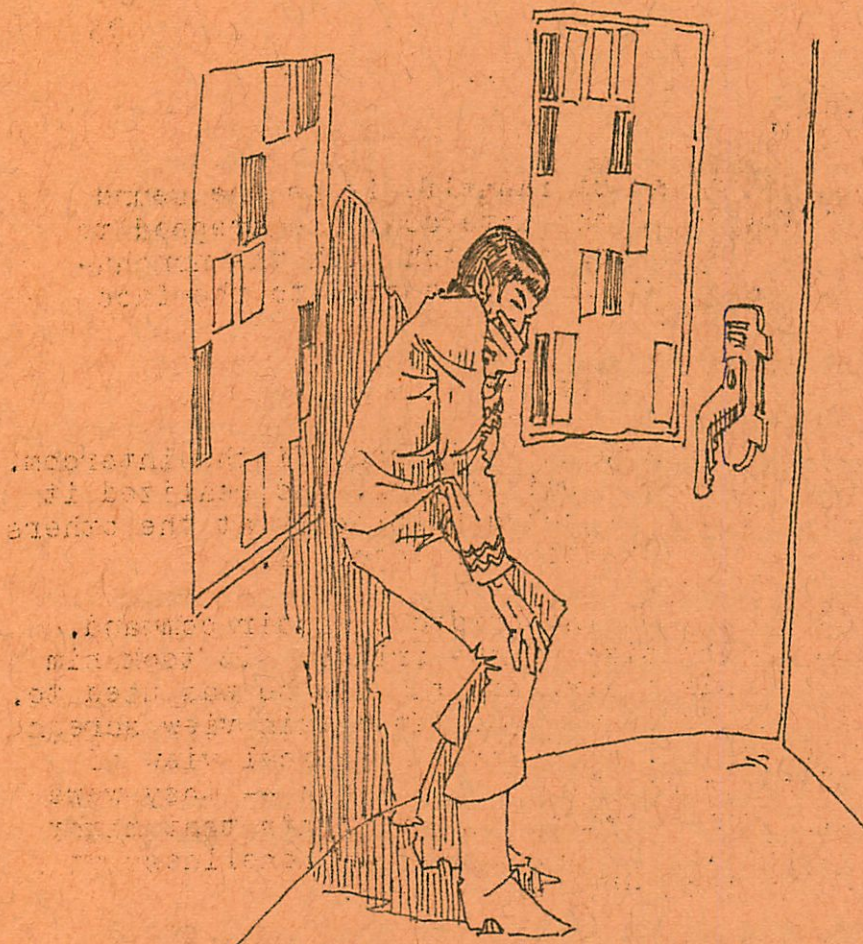
Kelley crossed to a point behind the chair and stood there wondering, not for the first time, if the doctor really had any business being there. Nimoy went to Spock's station and looked into the viewer. To his disappointment, it was dark. He suspected that the dial on the side turned it on, but realized it would look odd if he tried it and it was wrong. He sat down in Spock's chair, feeling useless, and glanced at the others, wondering if they felt as ill-at-ease in the masquerade as he did. They at least were real humans, if not real Star Fleet officers, whereas he might be spotted as a fake alien.

"Report, Mr. Sulu," said Shatner crisply.

"Smart-ass," muttered Nimoy, unable to keep himself from resenting Shatner's (seeming) confidence in his ability to keep up appearances. He spoke a little louder than he meant to, and drew a look of shocked disbelief from Uhura. He raised an eyebrow in a typically Spock look of surprise at her, and she turned back to her board wondering if she was hallucinating. Nimoy, suddenly feeling better, turned a Spockishly cool look of expectancy on Sulu.

"Nothing the deflectors can't handle, Captain," said Sulu. "The Klingons are trying to warn us away."

"That doesn't seem like the Klingon thing to do," Shatner commented.



"There's the treaty," Kelley said doubtfully, and was relieved to see both Sulu and Chekov nod in agreement.

"Still no claim made to the planet by the Klingons, sir," Uhura said.

Chekov shifted uneasily in his seat, obviously on fire with some kind of curiosity. Shatner was afraid that he'd have no hope of answering anything the young man might want to ask of Kirk. He reflected, however, that a question might contain in its phrasing the answers to some of the questions he could not ask. "Yes, Mr. Chekov?" he said.

"Was there anything on planet-surface to explain Klingon interest, Captain?"

Shatner hesitated. He didn't know what Kirk and his landing party might have found. But he couldn't very well say yes, so... "No."

"Illogical, Captain," said Nimoy.

Shatner turned around in his chair and stared.

Nimoy continued, "If the landing party found nothing, it does not necessarily follow that there was nothing there to find."

Shatner went on staring and clamped his teeth shut over the giggle. He sat quite still, except for the jerking in the muscles at the back of the jaw.

Nimoy stared back and felt his own control going. "Further research is indicated, Captain," he said quickly. He knew that hastiness was wrong for Spock, but he had no choice. He headed for the elevator without waiting for permission. Once inside he leaned against the far wall, let his head droop against his chest, and laughed himself out of breath.

Caught on the bridge, Shatner held himself rigid and tried to distract himself with thoughts of the Klingon menace. The ploy took sudden effect as it occurred to him that he could actually get killed by Klingon phaser-banks or photon torpedoes, or other equally improbable gadgets. "Uhura," he said, "try hailing the Klingon captain."

"Aye, sir," she said, and played a little medley of electronic bleeps on her board. "Ready on visual," she said after a moment.

Shatner turned his head back to face the screen and marvelled as the picture blurred out, came back into focus, and showed him the familiar grey, armorial uniforms. To his surprise, he found the face above also familiar. "Commander Kor!" he said.

"Not exactly," Kor said. "My rank is now equivalent to Commodore. Perhaps the Federation does not appreciate your true worth, Captain."

"Perhaps," said Shatner, smiling affably. Even if he had felt a truly personal interest in the insult, he would have been distracted by the sight of Kor's aide. Kor had the common dark skin and bifurcate eyebrows, but the officer behind him had light skin and unbranched eyebrows. The two were clearly from different races of the same species. "Fred Phillips should be here," Shatner said to Kelley.

Kelley nodded, remembering Phillips' anguish at discovering he'd done inconsistent makeups on Klingons the second time they used them.

"Indeed?" said Kor. "And who is Mr. Phillips?"

"Well," said Shatner, "let's say he's a student of the Klingon face."

"A spy," said Kor thoughtfully. "Inactive, I assume, or you would not reveal his name."

"Yes," said Kelley, "by now he'd be dead." His feet were beginning to hurt from standing so long after a hard day's work, so he went to Spock's chair and sat down heavily. Kor mistook the weariness for emotion.

"Mr. Phillips was a friend of yours, gentlemen?" he said with mock sympathy.

Shatner grinned. "Yes. But tell me, Commodore, do you generally use peaceful vessels for target practice? You fired at us, I believe?"

"Scarcely that, Captain," Kor said. "Call it a salute. We have both, after all, been exploring this planet -- I have reported it to the Empire under the name of Kahless. If you have not thought to give it a name of your own, perhaps you would do well to adopt this one."

"But that could be a transparent trick?" said Shatner. There was a pause, while the translation devices footnoted the pun for the Klingons and Kirk's crew puzzled over the captain's unusual turn of humor.

"Hostility can be a spur to endeavor," Kor said at last. "My scientists have found nothing of value on Kahless, I admit, yet your interest in it has caused me to report to our governments that I claim it for the Empire. If you wish to dispute the claim, of course, we must arrange for arbitration. Unless you care to return my fire?"

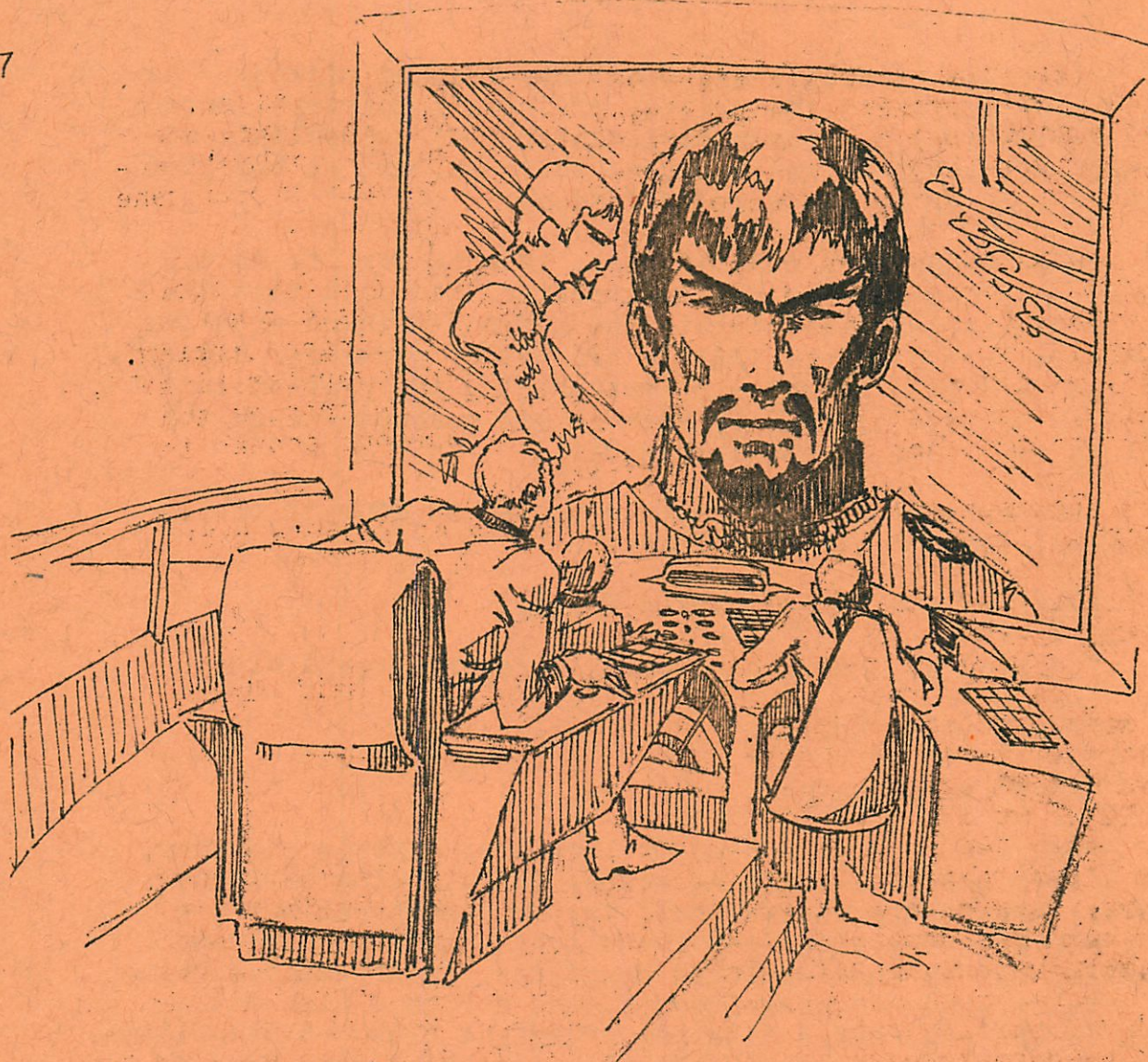
"I'll take it under consideration," said Shatner. He detected a real enthusiasm for battle in the Klingon's offers. "Kirk out."

The screen blurred back to its picture-postcard view.

"They must have found something!" exclaimed Chekov.

"Not necessarily, Ensign," said Shatner. He tried to think of a way to get more information. "De..." he said softly, finding himself at a loss.

"Who got --" Kelley started out. He paused to re-phrase it to suggest that he knew the answer. "After all," he said



firmly, "Who got here first?" Surely someone on the bridge had had the temperament to answer rhetorical questions.

"Wery true, Doctor," said Chekov.

Kelley spread one hand out towards Shatner in a you-can't-win gesture. He halted it midway as Chekov went on, "But, then, why did they wait to excercise right to claim, when they had clear priority?"

"An excellent question, Mr. Chekov," said Shatner. "I think it merits discussion." He stood up and nodded at Kelley. "Bones...." He turned to Uhura. "Lieutenant, have Spock and Scotty meet us..." he hesitated, wondering if he could figure out a way to find the briefing room, "...in Dr. McCoy's office."

Nimoy was already there when they reached sickbay. He would have preferred the privacy of Spock's quarters, once he'd gotten over his spasm of laughter; but he couldn't remember what level it was supposed to be on, and so had gone back to a place he was sure of finding.

Nurse Chapel had come in once, looking for Dr. McCoy. Nimoy, covering for his fellow-imposter, had said that the doctor was helping investigate the current Klingon problem. Then it occurred to him that he had better cover for himself, too, so he'd said he was also researching the problem and asked to be left alone. By then he was curious enough to want to try looking into it himself.

Shatner and Kelley found him seated at McCoy's table, staring intently into the viewer.

"What're you doing?" asked Kelley.

"Looking at the landing party's report," said Nimoy.

"What?" said Kelley.

"How?" said Shatner.

Both men crowded around to look over Nimoy's shoulder. The viewer showed a shifting scene, taken during daylight hours. Apparently whoever held the tricorder was turning in a circle. The view went round from sparse meadow-land reaching out to khaki-colored mountains, to dry sand blowing in a heavy wind and ocean beyond, and across a high-water mark to wet sand and a wide bay of bright blue. A seagullish, sandy-yellow bird swooped into view, grabbing some kind of mussel from among the sea-creatures caught out on the wet sand. A crab scuttled away from the bird's attack, and made it to the safety of the water. Meanwhile, the view kept turning, sweeping rapidly across the bay, and coming back up past wet sand and dry sand to the meadow.

"All it needs is a boardwalk," said Nimoy dreamily. At the meadow, the view had stopped, becoming a still picture. Nimoy touched a switch, and the screen cut to a computer print-out page of information on life-forms present.

"You've really got that thing under control," said Shatner admiringly.

The door opened.

Nimoy said, "Well, I called the computer on the intercom and asked how to run this thing, that's all."

"Amnesia, Doctor?" Scott asked Kelley, staring at Nimoy with deep pity.

"Sit down," said Shatner. "You're in for a shock. We're not who you think we are."

Scott, without moving, examined them minutely. "Aye," he said, "it's a brilliant job, but I can see where the ears went on. May I ask why you're telling me this?"

"We need your help," said Shatner.

"Do you now?" said Scott. He had slowly been moving his hands down. One hand suddenly came whipping up with a phaser in it. "You're three to one, but I'm armed," he said softly. He would not have been carrying a phaser aboard ship normally, but they had been on yellow alert since discovering the Klingon ship, and Kirk had had phasers issued generally before beaming down with the landing party.

The three actors couldn't help grinning at first. It was difficult for them to believe that the little object he was pointing at them was a weapon, not a prop.

Scott was surprised at their reaction, but did not let it stop him from backing towards the intercom.

"Wait a moment," said Kelley. "What do you think we are?"

"Klingon spies."

The accusation provoked open laughter, and Scott halted in surprise.

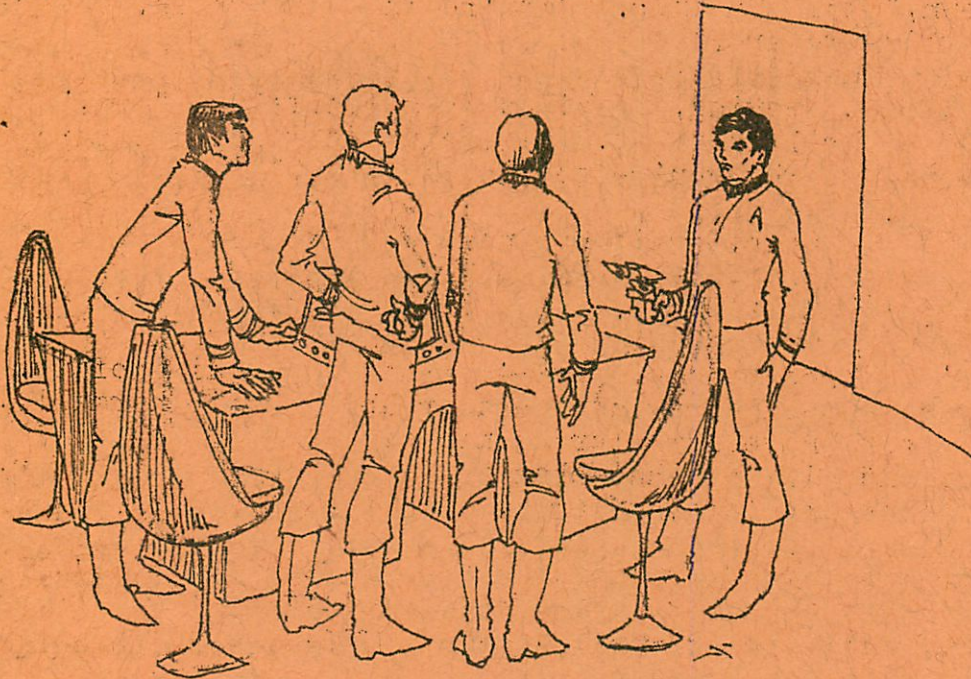
"Scotty, this is going to be hard for you to believe," said Shatner.

Scott nodded grimly. "I agree," he said.

"We're actors," said Shatner. "We come from the past - the past of another universe entirely, I suppose. Dammit, it's a tv series," he said, throwing his hands out at the room around them. "This room's a set, the ship's a model, we're actors in a science fiction show."

"It's like that script where we went into a parallel universe where the Enterprise was run by cruel people, sort of like pirates," said Kelley helpfully.

"The I.S.S. Enterprise of the Terran Empire," said Scott. "I was there."



"That's the one," said Nimoy. "Where Spock had a beard."

Scott jerked his head over to stare at Nimoy. "That detail wasna in the captain's report." He sighed, shook his head, and put the phaser back on his belt. "Well, gentlemen, and if you're not them, then where are they?"

The actors looked at each other. "Back at the studio?" said Kelley.

"Probably," said Shatner. He turned to Scott. "They're in Los Angeles, California, in the Twentieth Century. We think."

"A multi-parallel space-time inversion," said Scott. "It's a pretty problem. I'll do what I can to find a way to reverse the situation, but you gentlemen had best stay away from the bridge meanwhile! There's no call to alarm the whole ship, especially at a time like this." He started out, muttering, "If the para-spatial anomalies...."

"Er...Scotty," said Shatner hesitantly, "could you at least tell us what's going on? What is all this about the planet?"

Scott stopped. "So you truly dinna know? Well...no more you would." He looked grave. "It's like this: these

Klingons have found a star system. It isn't much of a system for anything we can see -- no strategic importance, one star, one planet, no satellites, no minerals to speak of -- but there they are and no signs of budgin, although they wouldna claim it until it looked as if we might. You took -- that is, the captain took a landing party down to investigate the planet."

"Have you looked at the reports they sent up while they were on the surface?" asked Nimoy.

"No, I had to deal with the Klingons while the reports were coming in. And after that...." Scott shrugged. "I wasna aware that I was in command. If you'll excuse me, there's work to be done." He turned to go.

"What if Kor wants to talk to the captain again?" asked Shatner.

"Aye," said Scott thoughtfully. "And, at that, I could keep a closer watch on what you're up to if you're on the bridge."

"We've done a pretty good job of playing our parts so far," said Kelley tartly, resenting the implications of a close watch.

Scott looked at him closely, then nodded. "Thank you, gentlemen," he said, and left.

"Back to the salt mines," murmured Shatner.

The three started out the door. As they passed the table, Nimoy leaned over to turn off the viewer.

Shatner watched him thoughtfully. "Why did you ask if he'd seen the reports?"

"Oh, I dunno, Bill. Somehow I got the feeling he hadn' but...."

Kelley winced as the door swooshed open for them and closed behind them. The noise was getting on his nerves.

Chekov looked up hopefully as they came back on the bridge.

"No conclusions, Mr. Chekov," Shatner told him. On impulse, he added, "Do you have any theories?"

Chekov looked pleased to be asked, but shook his head. "No, Captain. What would anyone want with that moonless, peopleless, --"

"Moonless?" said Nimoy.

"Yes, Mr. Spock," said Chekov. "Observations of system --"

"But it has tides." Nimoy had grown up in a coastal town, and liked to sail with his family. He knew what a lunar tide looked like. "Check the coastlines, and you'll see."

"They could be solar tides," said Uhura. She looked over at Nimoy for an opinion on the suggestion.

Nimoy, lacking Spock's scientific training, was quite unqualified to give any such opinion. He sat still, trying to think of a way to avoid answering.

Shatner recognized the danger and used Kirk's authority to get around it. "That's a possibility," he said. "Chekov, let's see you test it."

Chekov left his post and came over to Spock's station. Nimoy made room for him, and the young man bent over Spock's equipment. Nimoy gazed over his shoulder, trying to look critical.

"Solar influence not great enough to account for tides," Chekov reported a minute later. "Lunar influence seems necessary."

"Very good, Mr. Chekov," said Nimoy judiciously.

Chekov, however, looked unhappy. He worked a few moments more, then said, "Perhaps you should check me, sir. Sensors show nothing in position indicated for moon by tidal action."

"Unnecessary," said Shatner quickly.

Chekov smiled sheepishly, pleased and a little surprised at winning unqualified approval from his demanding superiors.

"Perhaps...an invisible moon," mused Shatner. "Sounds like Romulan work."

Uhura said, "But these are Klingons --" she broke off, reconsidered, and ended her sentence " --and they have an alliance with the Romulans."

Sulu jumped in excitedly, "And we know the Romulans have been working to improve their cloaking devices. But the power involved in blanketing a whole moon --!"

"Well," said Shatner, "just goes to show what researchers will come up with left to their own devices."

"Very funny," said Kelley. "Now what do we do, go steal

the new, improved cloaking device?"

There was a silence during which the three actors realized that the junior officers thought it quite possible that they ought to try just that.

"It's an engineering advance," said Shatner, when he had his voice under control. "Uhura, locate Scotty and tell him what we've uncovered. I want his opinion."

A moment later Uhura had Scott's image on one of the smaller view-screens. A transporter console, with some of its panels open, was visible beside him. His irritation at being interrupted faded out as Uhura briefed him.

"No wonder they had to claim the planet," he said, when she was finished. "If they'd gone on squatting there with no pretense of interest, it would ha' dawned on us in the end that they had to be interested in something else." He grinned suddenly. "Well done...Captain."

Shatner grinned back. "Any suggestions on how the Federation gets hold of the new cloaking device?"

"How the Federation... Oh, I take your meaning," said Scott, realizing that Shatner wanted to know what Kirk would do and if he ought to do it. Scott shook his head. "We'd maybe do best to let them think we're fooled. Given the hint, our scientists can find the way to do what they've done. We'll have the advantage of knowing what they know -- and beyond that, the advantage of their not knowing that we know." He hesitated, and then said slyly, "For the matter of that, sir, I think I could show you a bonny trick of disappearing if you'll meet me down here."

"Very well, Scotty," said Shatner casually. "Kirk out." He nodded to Nimoy and Kelley. "Gentlemen...."

Scott hadn't been able to tell them exactly where "down here" was, but they assumed it was the same transporter they'd appeared in. After a little confusion in finding the right level, they located it easily enough.

"But, Captain," Scott was saying as they entered, "we've got to pull you back in the next five minutes, before the anomaly shifts." He glanced sideways at them. "And I've got three gentlemen here very anxious to go home."

"Right, Scotty. Set it up, and we'll get onto the platform. Kirk out."

Nimoy and Kelley shot quick looks at Shatner to be sure he really hadn't spoken. Shatner himself felt a little unsure. He found it upsetting to hear his own voice coming out of someone else's mouth.

"Ah...gentlemen...." Scott nodded at the transporter.

They hurriedly placed themselves back on the little circles.

Kelley asked curiously, "Do you really think they shouldn't try to steal the cloaking device?"

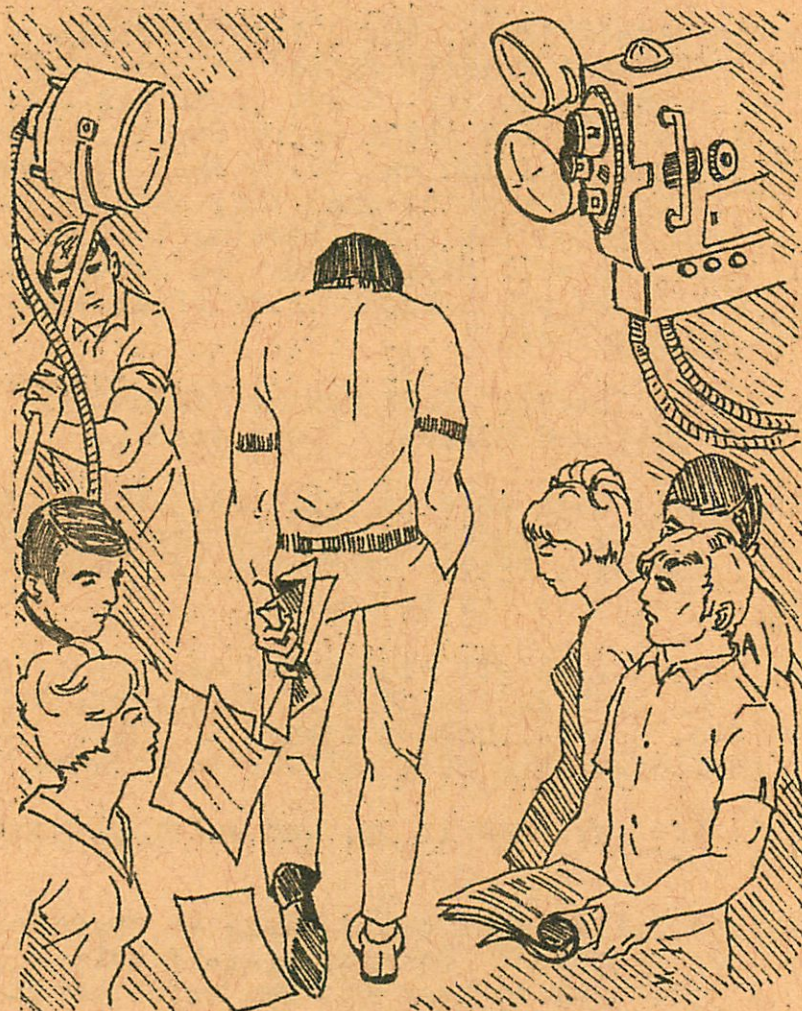
Scott shrugged. "That's my opinion. The final decision'll be up to the captain." The fact seemed to please him.

The room faded out, and when it came back the fourth wall was gone. Hot lights blazed down at them through a non-existent ceiling. All three sighed with relief.

Shatner stepped forward and said eagerly, "Gene, you will never believe where we've just been!"

"Cut!"

Another take ruined. The director gave up and called a halt for the day.



I HAVE NO MOUTH...



You are receiving SPOCKANALIA because:

- You contributed
- We trade
- You helped/encouraged/sneered
- You paid cash
- You're an NBC V.P. - Caution: reading this may be hazardous to your health
- You have an ideal Bill Theiss figure
- You have a videotaper and a complete set of ST shows, you sweet, charming, lovable thing
- You have Vulcan blood. Take two aspirin and see Dr. McCoy in the morning
- You collated
- You're a library computer
- You love Mr. Scott
- You are Walter Koenig, and we're sorry that we said that Chekov would pinch a trainee on the bridge
- You can't spell either
- We hate you
- AH HA. You put the tribbles in the quatrotriticale

